

HV

6278

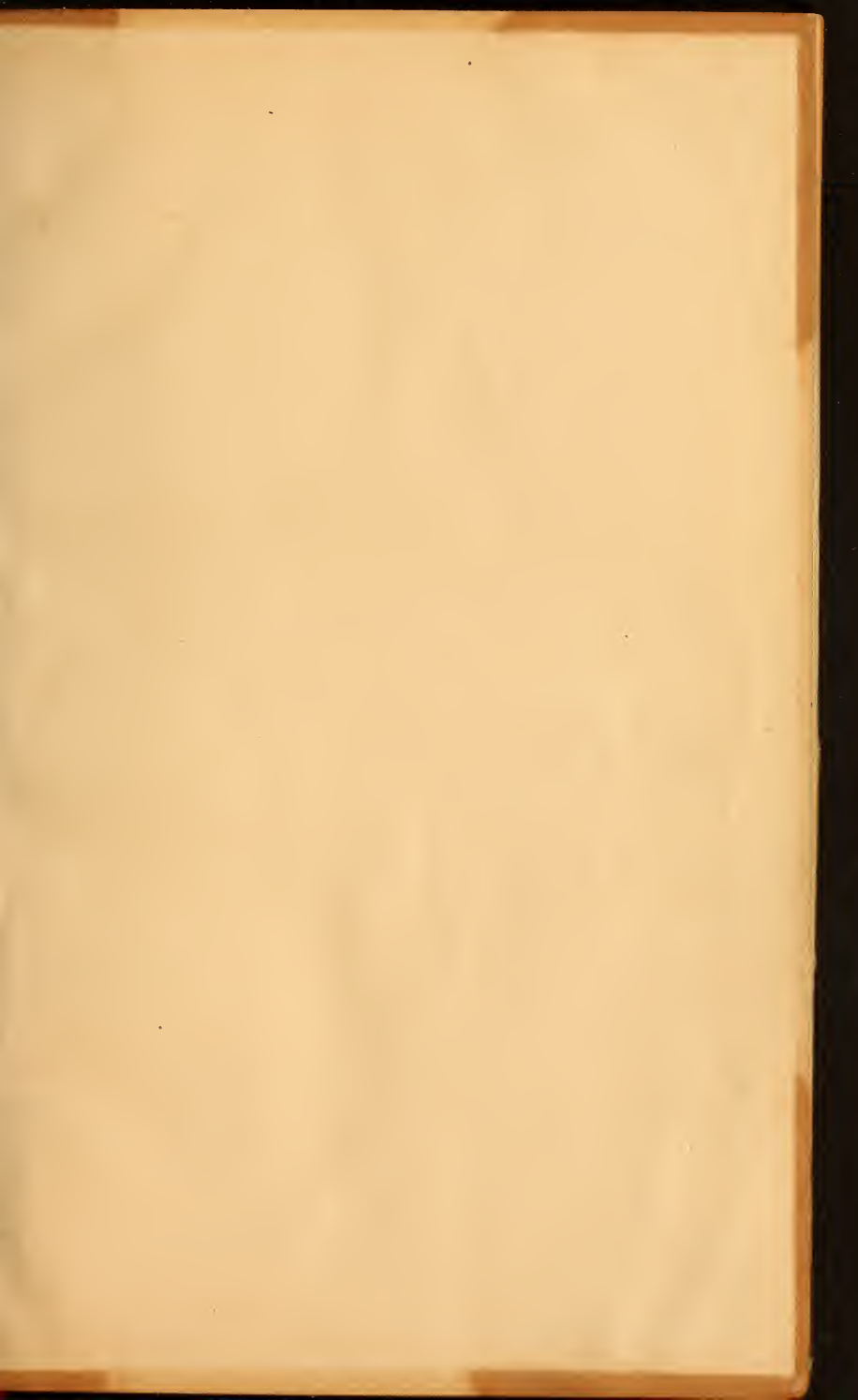
C18 A3

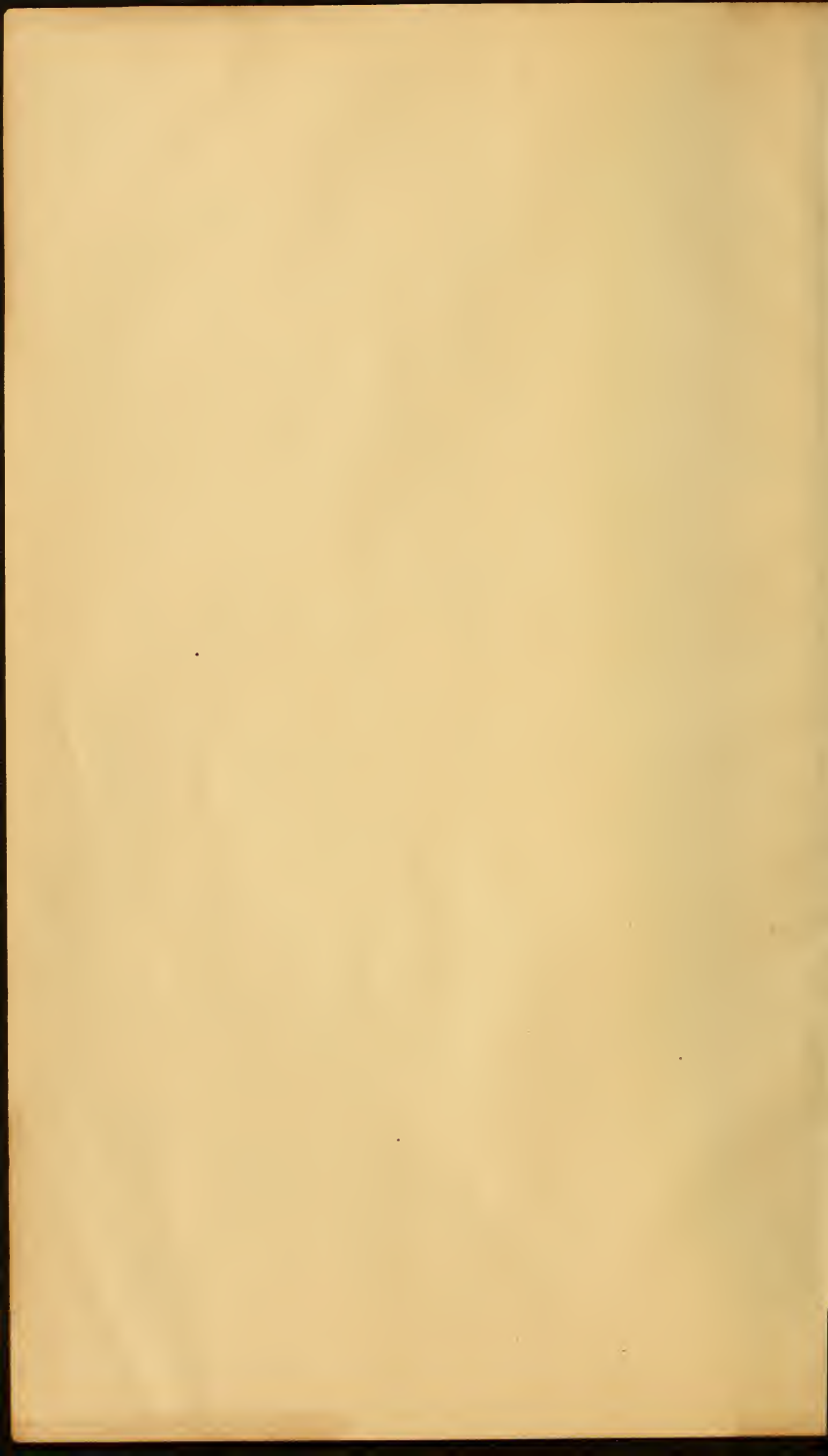
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

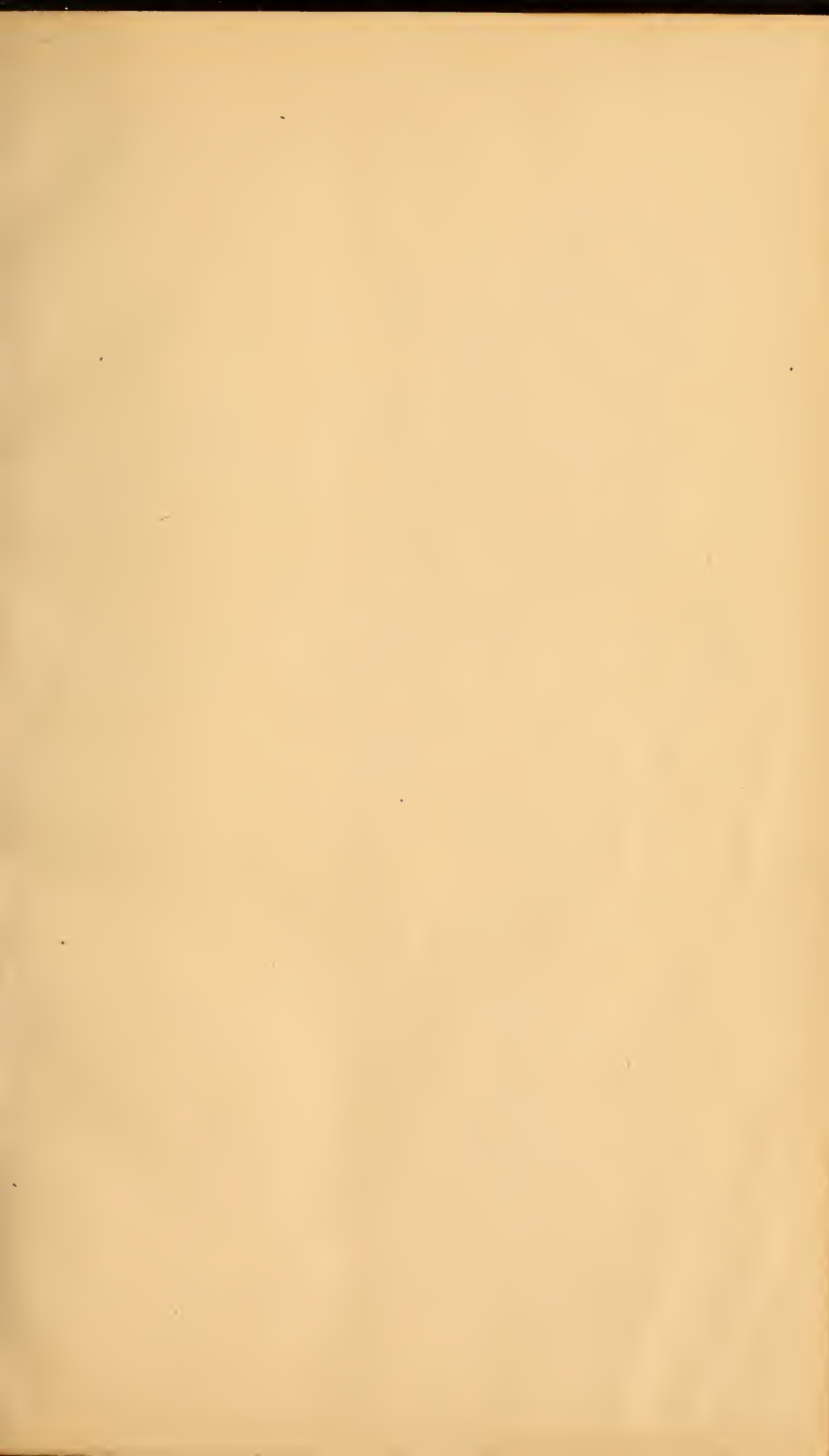
Chap. ¹⁶²⁹⁸ Copyright No.

Shelf.. C. 1. 8 A 2

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





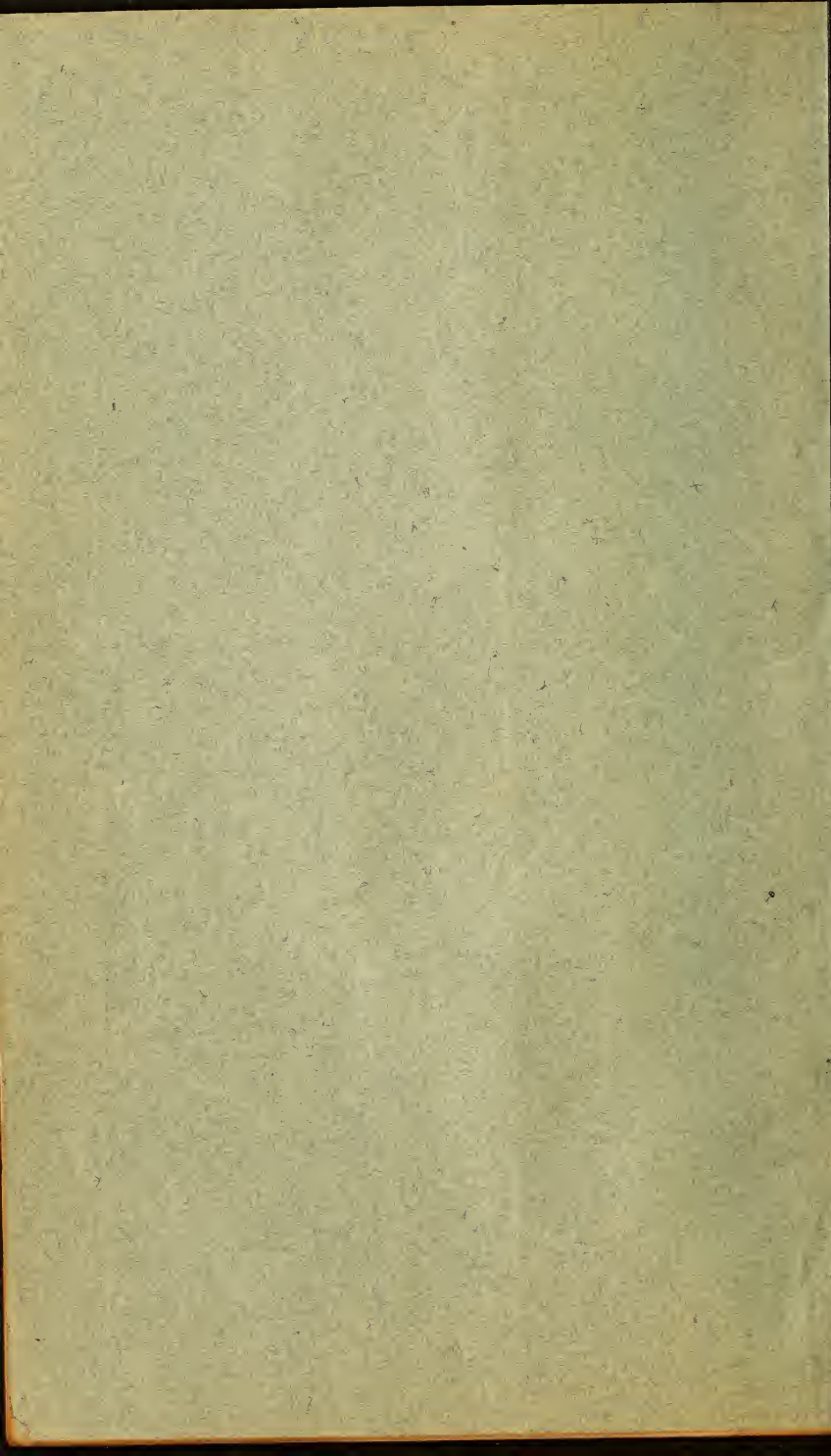




PRICE 25 CENTS.

WHY DID YOU DO IT?





“WHY DID YOU DO IT?”

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY

A. E. CARR.

EDITED BY

E. LU VERNE FISH, M. D.



PHILADELPHIA, PA. [Ⓟ]

PUBLISHED BY A. E. CARR.

1878.

HV6248
- Q18A3

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by
E. LU VERNE FISH, M. D.,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.
All rights reserved.

LC Control Number



tmp96 027237

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
Prefatory,	5
I. A sad true story (Poem),	7
Saddest thought of all,	8
What might have been,	9
II. Just in whispering distance,	10
III. Birth-day party,	19
IV. The wedding,	28
" Oh that my people may never know it,"	
V. Going into business,	39
Fail, and why?	42
Leaving the innocent wife,	44
VI. Dissipation and crime,	44
Two letters from Mrs. P. R. F.	49
VII. More crime,	56
VIII. Arrest,	61
No, is a little word (Poem),	69
A prisoner's work and discipline,	71
A letter from E. L. F.	72

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
IX. Released from prison,	79
Out three months,	83
Arrested again,	88
Thirty-two months in H. C.	89
Attend Francis Murphy Temperance meetings in Philadelphia,	90
A situation at John Wanamaker's,	91
Conclusion with a few letters of encour- agement,	92

PREFATORY.

“THIS book is merely a personal narrative, and not a pretentious history, or a philosophical dissertation. Its object is rather to help the gentle reader to wile away an idle hour, than to afflict him with metaphysics, or goad him with science. Still, there is information in the volume.”

While in my prison cell, I had plenty of time for meditation, the fruit of which you see in this simple work before you. It seems but a day since I was a boy, kneeling at my mother's knee, in the calm of every twilight, saying my little prayer; yet I have experienced much, yes, much that I sincerely regret. Now I will give young men and boys, who peruse these pages, warning of the course they are pursuing; and there will be some things that will not hurt some older men to read, if they do rub a little close on their easy mode of life, but, on the contrary, I hope will do them good. Ladies will find, I sincerely hope, something to interest them. I shall show you how I prospered when I pursued the honest, upright, and virtuous

course. You will also see how dishonesty first commenced with me, and is commencing with many others this day. Now I often think of what the Rev. D. M. Stuart said to me, when I was a boy, seventeen years of age, while living with him, and attending school at the seminary of which he was principal. "Lonnie, you have *some* very good principles and some very bad ones; the good will not be a match for the bad, but the bad will overcome the good, and, finally, all will be bad, just as one or two unsound apples will spoil a whole barrel of sound ones, if you do not remove them." Now when you see where I was, five years later, you will think (as I do) he was right.

My friends, receive this little story in the spirit in which it is told; give it good words wherever you will; and hope with me, that it may be the instrument, under God, of saving some from sin and misery.

Yours Truly,

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, *March 9, 1878.*

CHAPTER I.

A SAD TRUE STORY.

They met in youth's early morn
Light-hearted children as they were,
Likened unto two brilliant stars,
That ere no simmering cloud
Had shaded yet—
And still those bright and happy days
Unshadowed were for years.
And all the world
Like an eternal glory seemed
Unto the youthful pair—
But life cannot
Like a bright summer's day be spent.
But all along with darkened clouds
And thunders rent.
And when the one had sued
For *stronger ties* than friendship gives,
And did assure his firm unchanging love,
She vowed her constancy to prove.
When in all its gold and glory
Rose the sun on the wedding morn,
No fairer bride or happier groom
Had he e'er shone upon,
Then he took her away to his own fair clime,
Took away a young, trusting heart.
And he *crushed the one* he vowed to keep
Until death the two did part.
But Time, which changes every thing,
Wrought those too sad to hear,
It proved unnumbered times those words
The transgressor's way's severe—

Down down he sank until (oh, can I say),
 A felon's fate he shared—
 Down to the deepest depths of sin
 And dishonored his name so fair.
 Now I've told you the worst
 Which I tried not to do,
 But my tongue will unknowingly speak
 When the mind is o'erwhelmed—
 With thoughts like these,
 T'is hard in silence to keep—
 But I'll think no more of the sad, sad past
 Like a vision it all now seems,
 Have I dreamed all this in the hours past.
 No ! No ! t'is, alas ! too true.
 But they tell me he is changed
 To a better man,
Has given his heart to God,
 Now rejoice you with me
 That the story I've told
 Shall end in this happy way—
 And believe you now, those who truly ask,
 Shall be saved to eternity,
 God pity and forgive him
 Is all we can well say,
 And I'll pity and forgive
 For the love he cast away.

E. LU MEEME T.

SADDEST THOUGHT OF ALL, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

IT WAS now past the middle of August, A. D. 1876.
 Oh ! there I sat those beautiful days, in my lonely
 cell, when not in the shop at work. You must
 imagine I felt wretched and most miserable ; yes, I
 did sometimes when I thought where I was, and
 what brought me there. To think of the blot on my

character, though it may be forgiven, it can never be forgotten. I did work so hard to build myself up, then after getting a long way up the ladder I fell. Yes, not only down to the bottom, but up to my eyes in degradation. I can see but one way out, I will write of that hereafter. Suffice it to say, I do not feel so near forsaken now as when I was first arrested, seventy-one months ago, because I thought then how few enemies, and how many friends I had, only six months before. But by going there I found one old and true friend, that instead of forsaking in the time of trouble, will come and relieve one of all, and not even those thick walls and heavy bars could keep him out. Oh! what a comfort it was to think of these things. I feel that God placed me there for my own eternal good, because for sometime previous to my arrest, Satan had a stronger power over me than God and his angels. Now, my young readers, there are none of you that would leave your pleasant homes and friends, and go to a place like that, and be locked up in a space of three feet six inches by seven feet four inches. To save you from this misery and disgrace, I propose to write of my experience, that you may take warning, and shun the evil steps I took. I will lay them all before you, both the good and bad (sorry there is so little good, and much bad), so you can pick your way through life's journey more safely and pleasantly. There are two roads: The foundation of one is *temperance*, which leads you to love our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and despise Satan. If you follow in this way, you will find a home in

Heaven. The foundation of the other road is *intemperance*, which will lead you to love and serve Satan and despise God. The first glass of intoxicating liquor you drink, or the first time you gamble is the first step towards H—ll, via State Prison. You will find by reading this book through, in more instances than one, that the above words are true. I will commence with my childhood days, and write the facts as they occur.

CHAPTER II.

“JUST IN WHISPERING DISTANCE.”

I WAS born April 18th, A. D. 1850, in the western part of the State of New York. The first of my roguish acts I recollect (I'm going to tell you of these first, because, I think, the world generally believes the evil quicker than the good, or the people in it do, which proves I understand human nature) was when about five years old. I had a little baby sister we called Minnie; she was then one year old. Mamma left her on her little bed one day, and wished me to see that no harm came to her, while she was absent in another room. When Mamma came back, what did she find on the bed, right over sister Minnie, but a great fire; also, along the carpet from the stove. I had taken a shovel full of coals from the stove, and placed them on the bed cover, to see a bonfire. As

the room filled with smoke, I ran and hid myself under the bureau, to enjoy the sight of my bonfire. Mamma came in screaming, and Minnie took up the soprano of the same tune. But no serious calamity befell little sister. Mamma was just in time to save her. The little covering, or what remained of it, was kept in the house a long time, to remind naughty Lonnie of his wild prank that had so nearly culminated fatally to a near and dear friend. The next entry I make was three years later, when my other little sister, who we called Lilly, was two years old. We were all three children (my two sisters and myself) in the pantry one day, I, a boy of eight, cutting a pie for myself and little sisters. Lilly was in a hurry for her piece, so put her hand up to get it. I told her to wait a minute, but child like she grabbed for it, and, Oh! how cruel I was, for I struck her baby hand with the knife which I held, the mark of which she bears this day, in remembrance of her naughty brother. I tell you these things so you will begin now, while young, to govern your temper, so, when you grow up, you will not have so much to regret, when you look back over your past career. Furthermore, it is easier now, than it will be when you grow older. When I was small I was like you in some respects, I suppose. I did not like to take medicine when I was sick. One night I well remember. Mamma had made some hot tea for me, and tried to coax me to take it; but, no! I would not. Then she tried to drive me. What did I do but throw a flat-iron at her. What do you imagine my recompense was when my father came

home? Just what I needed, a good, sound whipping, and had to take the medicine too. I dreaded the school-room, so, was always running away from school, and from church, and Sunday school, and usually received a good whipping for my pains, which, of course, I richly deserved. So, you see, in truth, I had the "earmarks" of a perverse generation, from the earliest date of my origin. What folly! that men will preach to their children, what they do not practice. I cannot remember of my father's going inside a church, but once in his life. I do not mean to say he was cruel or intemperate, for he was not. I never knew him to drink one drop of intoxicating liquor, or take the Lord's name in vain. But, Oh! how often have I heard my good Christian mother and the minister of the parish, ask, yea, beseech of him to attend the place of worship on the Lord's day, not only for his own good, but to set a better example before his son. He would always put them off with the same reply, "I can be a Christian, and not go to church. Some men go to church and pray, and on the steps of the holy sanctuary make trades. I read my Bible at home, and go into my closet and pray." In the autumn of 1862, my third little sister died. We called her Jessie; she was only fourteen month's old, and father's idol; she was the first taken from our midst. The next Sunday after her death, my father went to church with mamma, my two sisters, and myself. Oh! how good it seemed. I can see him yet, just as he sat, at the end of the pew. How I did wish, as I sat beside him, that he would go every Sunday.

In the village of Pike, where we lived at this time, almost every man owned a cow, and some two, but all of the men did not have boys to drive them to and from the pasture for them, so every morning I would drive ten or twelve to the pasture; distance one-half mile, and get them at night. I would get five cents a week for each cow I drove. Then I would have a chance to run on errands occasionally and get a few pennies; all these I saved. At the end of every season I would have from twenty-five to twenty-eight dollars. I got this from the time I was eight years old, until I was thirteen. Until I was twelve years old I never would spend any of my money, but would give it to my father at the end of every season, and he would pay me interest. At the age of twelve I bought me a silver watch worth twenty-five dollars, and, of course, thought it made a man of me, because all merchants had one (and I expected to be one some day). But in the winter of my thirteenth year, there sprung up bad habits. Some boys in school had packs of cards and knew how to play with them. Some of them would ask me to play. At first I refused, because I knew father did not play, and would punish me if I did. But after seeing the boys play from time to time, I finally consented to learn, providing they would not tell father. Next, of course, I must have a pack of cards of my own, so I gave a boy money to get them for me, because I did not dare to call for them myself. After I had got them I did not dare to carry them home, because I might drop one out of my pocket, or leave them where my little sisters would get them

and show them to my parents, so I had a boy carry them for me. Soon it was proposed we should play for the candy or nuts, then sweet cider or ale, next oysters and wine, and by spring we could call on any of the strong or "fancy" drinks, as we called them, say nothing of the cigars we habitually smoked. Once my father caught me with several of the town boys up in the fifth story of the woolen factory, where he worked, playing cards. Each of us hid what cards we had when we heard him coming, but in our haste we dropped one through the scuttle, down upon the elevator, as he was coming up. When he reached the landing he said: "Whose cards are you playing with?" "We aint playing cards," said we. Then, said he, "Look over your pack, and see if there isn't one missing." "I have no pack to look over." "Then where did this one come from. I picked it up as I came along." "I don't know," said I. "Lonnie, come here," said he; then he searched me, and found what I had, and said: "Now go right down and put these in the stove, and don't let me catch you with cards again." "I can't, because it would spoil the pack; they are not mine, they are F.'s" "I don't care who they belong to." "Go, this instant, and do as I bid you." "I shall have to pay for them, then." "Well, pay for them, I don't care, but be quick in doing, as I tell you." I put them in the stove and told the rest to do the same, because I might as well pay for the whole of a dead horse, as half of it. Of course the reader thinks they were my cards, and so they were. After they were consumed, my father

asked F. how much they cost, I answered twenty-five cents. So father gave him the money, and told him not to buy any more cards. But if you do, don't let Lonnie play with them, and I advise you all, as a good friend, not to have anything to do with cards in the future, and Lonnie, I will let you off this time, but you had better not let me catch you again, or hear of your playing cards any more, if you do, you won't get off so easy, do you understand? Yes, sir.

Now does the reader labor under the mistaken idea, that that twenty-five cents went into the treasury box, the next Sunday, if so, let me disabuse your mind of the idea. F. gave me the money father had given him, and I had another friend buy a pack that very night and carry for me. We used to take our school books and go to each other's houses to study evenings, then lock our door, hang a hat on the key to cover the hole, so no one could see us, then our books were put aside, and our cards were our lesson. But very seldom we went to school with perfect lessons. You see I had not only learned to gamble, drink and smoke, but I had learned to lie. We will say it is but repeating a truism, "That one who will lie, will steal." But I do not think this strictly true, for I have known some most profound liars, who were never, to my knowledge, accused of theft. But the reverse is almost always true, that a thief will lie.

In March, 1863, there came among us a baby brother, who lingered with us but two short days, and then was called to God. A flower in all its purity transplanted to other and better ground, beyond the reach

of mortal ken. In April, my father said, "Well, Lonnie how much money have you in your bank, this spring, which you wish to put out at interest." "I don't know exactly," said I. "I have lost track." "How strange," said he, "I never knew you to loose track before." I knew in a few days he would expect me to give him what I had to add to the interest then due, and all I had in that little bank, usually so replete with silver five and ten cent pieces, was five old fashioned red coppers.

Does the reader wonder why it was so near empty. It was because I had payed my share of the "racket," (as we used to say), meaning my share of the beer and cigar money for the maintenance of our social relations after night. Now my father must soon know it. What should I do. I should get a flogging if he found it out. What *was* I to do? This was the question; and as I tried to think, that wary old enemy of mankind—the devil—came and stood just in whispering distance from me, and said, "My dear, little boy, I know you feel badly, but I am sent this way just on purpose to help you out, so just step in this corner grocery and see if you cannot, some where, see the means of assistance. If you do, don't be afraid to take it, for all the money these nice-looking men in the town have got, belongs to me." So saying, he left me, and as I looked about, there was Mr. Skiff's store right before me, and it was on a corner, too. So I stepped in. The proprietor was down in the cellar drawing molasses, and the customer—ever suspicious, as human nature usually is—went along with

him ostensibly, to test the quality of the molasses, but really to see if he had good measure. I saw the old gentleman's money draw standing partly open. There lay the V's and X's in their beautiful dress of green, and there lay the halves and quarters, some of my own, probably (I had payed him some at least), and now that I had this grand opportunity, why not make a haul. At this juncture, "the still, small voice" tried hard to get in a plea, but it was overruled, and placed in statu quo. I sprung over the counter and made a grab, and then ran out before any one (as I thought) saw me. On counting up the proceeds of my little "operation" (as they say now-a-days), I found myself in possession of about \$13.00, which I immediately secreted in the barn. I visited a hardware store, and a drug store, and lightened their tills of enough to make a respectable bank account, which I deposited that same day, having enough left for several games of cards, cigars, &c., and felt myself a man, about town, to be able to swing things "high, wide and handsome," with good clothes, plenty of spending money, and a "fat" bank account. But alas! I came to grief, just as every dishonest boy will at last.

Mr. Skiff beckoned to me across the street, and I ran to him with as honest a face as I could assume. Said he, "Lonnie did you see any one in the store when you were here this morning?" "No, sir," said I. "Didn't you see any one come in or go out?" "No, sir," I again answered. "Did you notice whether or not the money draw was open?" "Yes,

sir, I think it was." "Well, Lonnie, some one took some change out of that draw, about the time you was in here, and if you know anything about it please tell me, won't you?" "You don't think it was me, do you?" "No, I never thought you would steal, but the sight of money is a great temptation to boys, so if you have it, just return it and no one will ever know it." Just at this moment, Mr. Kelsy, the hardware man, came along and told of his loss, and said he saw me run out of his store, but thought nothing of it until he missed his money; Colonel Renwic, who had been a listener, stroked me on the head, and said, "Lonnie, you don't want to go to jail, do you? If you don't, tell us where it is so we can get it, and your pa needn't know anything about it." Colonel Renwic did more good than all the rest, for he had often given me pennies, and I liked him very much. So I gave him the money, and as we were going back, he said, "There now don't cry, here is a penny for you." "Thank, you," said I. "But this is a quarter." "Oh, that is so, but you may keep it for being so honest with me." I felt miserable, no two ways about that. I thought all could read my guilt in my face, so I ran across the garden into the barn, and hid myself in the hay, where I staid that day and part of the next; too wretched and miserable to care for food, and too guilty to meet face to face with my fellow beings. As I heard nothing more of the matter I began to congratulate myself on getting off so well, when my father said to me at the table one morning, "I hear bad reports of you; had I heard it

on Saturday, I should have given you a sound whipping, but you seem sorry, so I shall let you go this time, but you must go and ask those men to forgive you." This I disliked very much to do, but he gave me the unsatisfactory alternatives of going or a "gadding," or a "gadding," and then going, so I concluded to go, so my father went with me; and they forgave me, and gave me many words of advice, which had I heeded, I should have escaped many miseries, and the infliction of others upon many dear friends.

After this occurrence, I fully resolved in my mind that, "honesty was the best policy," if it did make a man poor, and that in the future, God assisting me, I would strive to be honest and win back the confidence I felt I had lost. So I went out and helped a man get his hay that summer, which brought me in some honestly earned dollars, which I felt belonged to me, and which consciousness made me feel happy.

CHAPTER III.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

In August, 1863, occurred an incident that has ever appeared to me as the turning point of my life. Messrs. Smith & Seeley came from the State of Connecticut after a drove of cattle. After they had purchased a fine drove of three hundred and fifty head, they offered to hire me to assist them in driving

through to Connecticut. After consulting with my parents I consented to go, fixing the price of my labor at twenty-five cents a day and my expenses. The trip lasted us thirty days, and the gentlemen gave me seven dollars and fifty cents for my services, and ten dollars to carry me home. I was small of my age and went at half rates, saving thereby enough to bring my money up to thirteen dollars, the amount I had stolen from Mr. Skiff about six months before. How happy I felt. I had saved about forty dollars that summer, and I looked upon this as a sort of "nest-egg," that would surely increase to a very satisfactory, if not fabulous sum, by industry and perseverance.

I went to school that winter and studied much better than before, because I had burned up my cards of my own accord, and left off all my bad habits. The next spring Messrs. Smith & Seeley came after another drove. I went with them again, and stayed with Mr. Smith in Roxbury, Connecticut, about two months, then returned, and three months later found me again on the old route driving for the same parties at fifty cents per day. Returning home, I engaged with a drover from Pennsylvania for one dollar a day. After this trip, I went one trip with a Jersey drover, who gave me the same wages. Winter came and found me with eighty dollars saved. I attended school that winter, and in the spring of 1865 went to Roxbury, Connecticut again, and worked for Mr. Smith on his farm five months, and for Mr. Seeley of the town of Washington, Connecticut one month. The

cattle trade had been dull that year, so I had nothing to do in that line, and I could not earn so much on a farm, but I managed to save forty dollars, beside buying me a good suit of clothes. I returned home feeling proud in my new clothes, the second evidence of my own industry.

Oh! what joy at meeting my family once more; yes, it was exceeding great joy, but soon to be broken; my father sickened with a fever, and before any of us were aware of the fatality of its character, my father had faded away, and just lingered on the confines of the other world. How well I remember the doctor's coming home with me, and how sad he looked, and how low he talked to my mother, and how it seemed that a veritable sun-beam was in the house when he looked about upon us children, with his calm pleasant face, hedged in by that mass of shaggy hair and beard. He nursed my father well, and still goes on his pilgrimage, relieving suffering and mitigating the terrors of death. And when the great physician shall say to his subordinate, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, come thou up higher," then shall he be recompensed in the fullest.

Before my father's death, he sent up a fervent petition to high Heaven, asking an absolution of his sins, and I believe he received a total remission of them, for his countenance beamed with a light that seemed too pure and bright for earthly things. Death-bed repentances are not held in the highest esteem by the majority of people, I am aware, but I sincerely believe if there *is* an inhabitant of Heaven, my father is

one. One week after we laid him to rest, our hearts were gladdened by the arrival of a little baby sister. This tended to divert our minds from our sorrow, and make the sun to shine again upon our sad young hearts. How little there is required to make the hearts of little ones truly happy. I have often seen a new jacket, or a pair of new shoes, bring more genuine happiness into a home circle of little children, than a heavy bank stock will sometimes bring to us older ones. I went to school that winter and the next, and also working on my Uncle Ebb and Joel's farm in Alma, New York in the summer of 1866; and in the summer of 1867 I went down to work for Mr. Seeley; he died suddenly after he wrote for me to come; so I went to work seven months for Henry Allen, of Woodbury, Connecticut. The next winter I attended school at Pike, Wyoming County, New York, at the seminary. A Freewill Baptist school, presided over at that time by a very able Christian gentleman, D. M. Stuart, whose talent and kindness of heart have gained for him an enviable reputation throughout that part of the State. And just here (hoping you will pardon the digression), let me say that this institution, although located in an inland town and lacking some of the natural advantages enjoyed by its sister institutions, stands second to none in the attainments of its students, and in the wealth and social position of its patrons.

At this institution I boarded myself, did most of my own cooking, and received my tuition free for taking care of Professor Stuart's team. The next spring he

gave me my tuition and board for taking care of his team and ringing the seminary bell. I was now about eighteen, and had confessed God before men, yet at this day I am almost persuaded that it was merely lip service; a vain show with but little reality in it. I fear if many of us professed Christians would call our own hearts to a close personal examination, they would appreciate the real truth of what I have experienced. That the mere form without the underlying principles, will one day prove a "rope of sand," that shall certainly engulf us in obliquity and ruin.

In the course of the winter term at the seminary, the students were asked to desist from attending dancing school, which was held at the hotel in the village. This charge was given the pupils under pain of expulsion, and deterred many from attending. But some imperturbable spirits broke over the good Professor's edict altogether. There was, upon one occasion, a donation visit in the seminary hall in the evening, and dancing school at the hotel the same evening. I felt a great desire to attend a party and learn to dance. I attended the donation, and when all had got to enjoying themselves, I slipped quietly out and ran down to the dance. I engaged a partner, and had the pleasure of dancing three times. Then I returned to the donation, and the affair passed off pleasantly. But when the morning came, and the hour for chapel exercise arrived there were many anxious faces in the room, but I sat there composedly and feared nothing, and when I was accused, there were plenty of champions on my side, because they had, many of them, seen

me at the donation the previous evening. I escaped detection this time, on account probably of my reputed deed piety, and the fact of my having the Professor of the institution on my side, which of course gave me prestige none could overcome. But this success was a stumbling block to me, as it gave me the feeling of security which is always the most inherent weakness, for it is always under these circumstances that the evil one makes the most successful attacks upon our citadel of fancied security. At this time there was some of the students expelled for breaking the rules, and notably among this number the son of M. A. Hull, proprietor of the woolen manufactory in which my father had worked. At vacation, Professor Stuart gave me permission to use his team to work on the highway, so as to earn some money to clothe myself while attending school. I needed a wagon to complete my rig, so I drove the team up to Hull's one morning, and asked him if I could use his wagon that day, as I had got Stuart's team. "What," said he, "Stuart's team and my wagon." "No! you can't have it." But as I was going out of the yard, he came to the door, and said he, "Did you want the wagon for Stuart or yourself," "For myself" said I. "Then you can take it, and welcome," said he, "*but Mr. Stuart can't have anything of mine.*" Well, you see he was angry at Professor Stuart, because in carrying out the rules of the school, he had expelled his son—self-interest versus public benefit—and had mercy on me, an orphan boy, who felt penitnant, and the spirit of God in Brother Stuart's

heart forgave me just as freely as God forgives all who ask in the name of Jesus.

During this term occurred my eighteenth birthday, on the eighteenth day of April, 1868, and in honor of this event my good patrons, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, gave me a party, to which all my numerous young friends of town were invited, no pains were spared to make it pleasant for myself and my young associates. How vividly this scene was recalled to my mind when, this day four years later, I stood up in the prisoners' dock in the court room at Roxbury, Connecticut, to be examined on a charge of felony! How my mind went back through those years of comparative sunshine, only darkened here and there by clouds of my own making! And that very thought, that there is no one blamable but one's self, always makes the burden harder to bear. During the summer vacation I worked for Henry Squires, of Castile, on his farm. He was a fine man and gave me much advice, and the benefit of a life of practical experience. I was to work for him two months, but Mr. N. R. Smith, of Roxbury, Connecticut, wrote me that he had a place there for me in a store with B. S. Preston, as one of his clerks was then quite sick. Mr. Preston, as I afterwards learned, was a scion of the old Puritan stock, of which the church-going portion of the inhabitants of the New England States is largely composed; who believe that nine o'clock, P. M., is plenty late bed time for the average young man, and that sermons on Sunday and Sunday school is conducive of good health and a fair degree of longevity. After consulting with

my mother, it was decided I should go and try clerking, taking with me the injunction, to be steady and not get into "by and forbidden paths," which of course was promised as quickly as it was asked; and I can assure you, my dear sir (or madam, as the case may be), I had no intentions other than being an honorable, upright, and useful member of society. How ultimately I succeeded in this laudable purpose you will see farther on. I entered his store, and things passed off pleasantly, and without anything transpiring worthy of note for some time. It was eighteen months before I was again in Pike; but let me turn back a little and bring up the sentiment-thread of my story (for there was one) to the time I left for Connecticut. During my days at school I had taken a liking to a young lady then attending school. Miss R. A. was a tall, nice-looking girl, with bright eyes and a sweet, inoffensive face, and to add to the charm of this fair creature, her paternal parent was possessed of some hundreds of acres of land, which, as the aforesaid R. was the heir by direct descent, was an object worth consideration by a comparatively poor lad of my age. But with the young, money weighs less heavily in the balance than with older people, and I believe I can honestly say I never seriously contemplated the possession in part or whole of the old gentleman's estate. However, I liked to ride with her, and frequently Sunday evenings found us attending divine service together. The attachment grew, just as such attachments always do when the individuals are thrown frequently in one another's society, and it

seemed hard for me to make up my mind to leave for Connecticut. Although I felt that it would be the best thing for me, especially in a pecuniary point of view, had I then married and settled down to a steady life of farming, I should probably have formed a more extensive acquaintance with "hard-pan" and ox-goads, and been less well versed in the rules of Hoyl and the discipline of state prisons and reformatories; but no man gets into mischief without learning much that may be of benefit to him at sometime during his life. However, I resolved to go, and bidding adieu to Miss A., I took my departure to that glory of "wooden nutmegs," with mutual protestations of the deepest regard and a promise by both to maintain a regular correspondence until I should return, when we both expected that it "would be all right," as they say. I went, and after a time I commenced paying attentions to ladies of the place, and ultimately became quite a beau among them. She wrote me that she was having the society of gentlemen in that section, and gradually we came to regard each other as friends of a past summer.

In the meantime my sister Minnie had married Mr. Perry Kidder, a half brother of Miss A., who was an easy-going fellow, thinking always that the morrow would take care of itself, and caring little if the world were wrong side up, so long as times were good and work easy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEDDING.

“Oh, that my people may never know it!”

BUT this is a wrong principle, and the man who starts out in life with this idea will find himself up high and dry on the quicksand of adversity, with only the brackish waters of an unmitigated poverty as a beverage, and in the place of bread, a stone.

I found it very pleasant on entering the store at Roxbury. It was one of those New England villages that one so often sees in that part of the United States, where the village is strung along a country road for a mile or so, with its principal headquarters on a four-corners, where a hotel or “rum hole” forms the chief centre of attraction, and the less notable edifices locate themselves at a respectable distance, their proximity being commensurate with their local importance; as for instance, the blacksmith’s shop should be located on the opposite corner from the hotel, because the maker of iron things is quite apt to want something to warm him up in the winter, and, as is usual, takes the same to cool him off in the summer. Then, too, it is convenient for the farmers when they come to town, to have horse-shoeing done, or farming implements mended, on rainy days, to lounge into the hotel and take a social glass with a neighbor. The com-

mercial traveller finds it nice to leave his wagon at the shop to have certain loose burs tightened, while he runs across to the hotel to add one more blossom to that already over-blossomed spike that hangs out gracefully from the centre of his face, an index—never failing—of a large expense account “for the house,” and contentions over bills of goods forwarded to individuals, but never sold to them, which gives them a lack of confidence in the parties and injures their business materially.

These are not the only reasons why a blacksmith’s shop should stand in close proximity to a hotel, but authorities on the subject insist that they should. Then have the corner grocery occupy another neighborly nearness, in the shape of another corner. Here they sell stale fruit, and milk, and herring, and crackers, and vinegar made from apple peelings, and black molasses and mitey cheese; and away back in the little back room, which answers as office, counting-room, sample-room, and dormitory, they keep for sale a few barrels of choice cider, genuine juice of juicy apples—that’s the thing that makes a man’s mouth water after he has taken a lunch of those fearfully dry crackers and salt herring; and, beside that, they have got a case of Stoughton’s or McCralie’s Forest Bitters, which of course they did not buy, but which was left for them, just to introduce, you know, by one of the “boys,” meaning by this, of course, an agent from some wholesale liquor house. This “bitters” generally turns out to be a villainous compound of a very poor whiskey, with burnt sugar, coculus indicus,

poison lettuce (*lactuca virosa*), and other equally noxious agents; but the most devilish of all is the fact that these agents, like opium, to which they are closely allied in their character, constantly raise a desire for *more*; this I would not say was I not convinced of the fact by my own sad experiences and that of hundreds of others about me. Then, too, the pages of our public prints are teeming with the expositions of these frauds, as well as the reports of chemical analyses by our most reputable and skillful chemists. Why will the eyes of these tipplers refuse to see? Why will their ears refuse to hear? Why will their mouths go on imbibing the potion of the *devil*, when he lies rank and black at the bottom of the cup? aye, in the very dregs lies madness, lies cruelty, lies poverty, lies *murder*, and he that escapes each one of these should be grateful to his God that he has been so merciful to him.

The arrangement of these towns should comprise within its limits somewhere, a Post Office. This will be attended, of course, by a soldier of the late war; what is better, if he is to be had, a veteran of the war of 1812. This individual must be very old, very decrepid, read with glasses, have but one arm, have his opposite pedal extremity, which he left on the gory field of battle as a souvenir to the god of war, supplied from timber, and above all, have his office about three-fourths of a mile from the business portion of the town, while he resides, say half a mile in the opposite direction; so if you should want anything of this piece of humanity, you could step up to his

residence and find him weeding onions, or carefully thinning out beets for "greens."

Be sure to have the office of the justice of the peace at a good round distance from the hotel, so that any midnight carousals, or unseemly conversation may not disturb his justiceship. It is convenient to have your physician's office near the hotel, so that if it becomes necessary for the proprietor to knock down some belligerent individual who was having more of a "craze" than common, the M. D. could fix him up as a severe case of brain fever, and then expatiate largely on the kindness of mine host in caring so kindly for the poor fellow.

But pardon me in this lengthy digression. I was writing I believe, of the town of Roxbury, in the State of Connecticut, where I made my debut as a clerk, in the firm of B. S. Preston, general dealer in all kinds of goods usually found in a country store. There was there before me, a young man, by name Horace Gillett, who had been with Mr. Preston some time. Six months after I went there, Mr. Preston took him into partnership under the firm name of Preston & Gillett. This was the name of the firm when I left; when I went there I called myself a Christian, whether I was or not, I leave to the judgment of God. But however, I attended church and Sunday school regularly, and tried to walk in the straight and narrow way. I made friends rapidly, as I always did when I was honest and deserving, among my associates there were some whose moral character was not entirely unapproachable. These young men were pleasant to meet, genial

fellows, from old and respected families, whose chief fault consisted in their being too lavish with their money; driving too fast horses, and taking a little too much wine now and then on some certain occasions. As I became acquainted with them, they extended to me the right hand of fellowship most cordially, they came often to the store, conversing so agreeably, that I overlooked the faults that should have guarded a good Christian against their society. At last they came on Sunday afternoon and asked me to ride, just to go to ride they said, no harm in that. They had fine carriages and fine horses, and were reputed to be fine men themselves, so I went. We would ride to Woodbury, Southbury, New Milford or Washington, small places at a short distance from Roxbury, or sometimes we would go up to the lake, some ten or twelve miles distant and take a ride on the water; we would have a cigar, or some clams or oysters, and finally a glass of wine. I gradually fell off from church and Sunday school, and came to like these Sunday drives more and more. At last one day I went off on a ride with a young man of the place (who, if he ever reads this, will remember the coming home). We partook bountifully of oysters, clams and wine, until we became quite hilarious. After the usual amount of "splurge" at the hotel, in showing off our horse (and ourselves in the meantime), we started for home, and made such rapid transit that we did not get over the effects of our wine before we reached there. I was far worse off than my companion, who was more used to drink than myself, so bad

off indeed that he deemed it inexpedient to leave me at the store, for fear that Horace Gillett might find it out and report me to Mr. Preston, so he took me home, and we cursed and vomited by turns until we had thrown off our unsightly burden, and lapsed into a drunken stupor that poorly counterfeited sleep, but splendidly prepared us for the most disagreeable sensations imaginable for the next couple of days. But once (and that was after I had been there near two years), on coming home in a rather "fuddled" condition, I concluded I was sober enough to go in and sleep in the store as I usually did, so in I went; it was warm weather, and I soon began to feel sick and miserable; then, Horace Gillett, who slept with me, said "Lonnie you are drunk, for I can smell whiskey every time you vomit." Well I was, there is no mistake about that, and the long and short of the matter was that Gillett reported me to Mr. Preston, and he asked me about it, and told me I must leave these associates and these habits if I wished to remain with him. I fancied he was more crusty than was pleasant, and as I had an offer from a firm in New Milford, where I really thought I could do better, I very nearly decided to go at once. There was a little balance in my favor with my employers, but when I asked them for it Mr. Preston said if I left him in that way, he guessed he would'nt be any more than whole if he kept it, and keep it he did. But I made up my mind I would have it some way. You will see how I undertook to get it, and what I got in return. So I went to clerk for Messrs. S. & S., of New Mil-

ford. They told me they did not care how much I rode with the girls, or where I spent my Sundays, or if I occasionally went to the billiard rooms, evenings after closing the store, or if I treated a customer now and then, or allowed one to treat me, just to please him you know, but Mr. S. said he thought it looked bad for young men to spend much time in the saloons. So here I was to have my liberty, all that was required of me, was to be at business during business hours, and then wherever I pleased after that. Well this now was certainly just the thing, and I dove deeper into the gayety and follies of society, than ever before.

And now my dear reader, allow me to digress slightly, and tell you the respective positions that these two firms occupy to-day. The firm of Preston & Gillett are no more. Old Mr. Preston, grown rich by economy and industry, retired, while his place was filled by Gillett's younger brother. So the firm is now Gillett Bros., and S. & S. are no longer a firm. They dissolved, it is said, after they had cheated their creditors and squandered the profits, and are now worthless members of society, idling about bar-rooms and corner groceries; allowing people to treat them when any are foolish enough to do so, and dragging out their lives in poverty and disgrace. "They sowed the wind, and are reaping the whirlwind;" whereas, if they had said it looked *bad for men* (instead of young men), to spend much time in the saloons, and taken it to themselves, they might have been the leading merchant princes of N. M. to day. In the meantime, I had formed the ac-

quaintance of Miss J. A., a young lady living near town. She was a bright, amiable girl, and I enjoyed her society very much. We often rode together, and frequently attended church. She was very fond of jewelry and display of that character, and I thought it became necessary for me to contribute something to the general fund, and by those means secure the good graces of the young lady. So I traded a carpet and other things from S. & S.'s store, which they let me have at cost price, with J. B. Capron (proprietor of the best jewelry store in N. M., who is still doing a good business), for a gold watch and chain, a set of jewelry and a ring. I had also opened a correspondence with an old school mate of mine, when in Pike, by name Ella Fish. She was the only daughter of a farmer in ordinary circumstances (a twin sister of E. L. F., then studying medicine. This family of four was so happy, I always enjoyed a visit there), living in an adjoining township, four or five miles from the village of Pike. She was a fine-looking girl, with large blue eyes and chestnut hair, a very good scholar, and an excellent musician. I was very much pleased with her letters, as she was a fine writer, and came to look forward to the time of their reception with a great amount of pleasure, which was genuine. In January, 1870, I took a trip to New York State. Went to Pike and saw my friends there, then went to Centerville, and saw Miss Fish. We took a trip to Niagara Falls, and before I returned I was "engaged" to her, and I meant to be a true and honorable man. But, alas! for the flimsy promises of mankind, when not based

upon "the rock that is higher than I." I returned, and again resumed the pleasures of other ladies' society. I had contracted the habit of taking a social glass, and many a time did I go home at night, feeling as if I was "monarch of all I surveyed." On these occasions dry goods boxes, ash barrels, and the like, furnished convenient objects on which to vent my feelings of hilarity.

As the summer wore on into autumn, I was very attentive to Miss J. A., and on one occasion after I had visited her people with her from Saturday night until Monday morning, the story was pretty freely circulated that we were married. I wrote this in jest to P. L. Kidder, and he told Miss R. A. of it for a truth, and she told Miss Fish, and that little lady deeming me faithless like the rest of mankind, or as they are reputed to be, began encouraging the attention of a young man of the town of Pike, who, pecuniarily, was a far better match than myself. I was not aware of the fact, though, and thinking her unusual silence portentous, I finally resolved to go to Centerville and ascertain the cause. I went, and, as I knew, she was attending school at Pike with her brother. I could not refrain from calling upon her. This I did, and as I went in, I caught a glimpse of a young man in the other room, and I knew at once I had a rival. This fired all the jealousy in my nature, and made me determine that I would capture the prize without delay. I had a talk with her, told her my wicked folly in writing of my marriage, and begged her to take me back and forgive my foolishness, which she did. We

were married at her father's house on September 25th, 1871. Her parents made a large wedding for us, considering the shortness of the time allowed. We were married about 11 o'clock A. M.; had dinner, and then started for Castile to take the cars for home. We took the train at 5 P. M., and breakfast 9 A. M. next morning at St. Nicholas Hotel, Broadway, New York. Then to Central Park, was caught in the rain, and hastened on to N. M. I had serious forebodings of evil before I arrived at New Milford. I knew that I had promised to marry a lady in Connecticut and here was I returning with a wife of my own. But I passed the ordeal of meeting my numerous acquaintances, for I knew my marriage in New York State was an entire surprise to them. We put up at the New England House, registered as A. E. Carr and wife. I had resolved on our journey out, that I would reform, and try to live a more honest and upright life, for I felt how cruelly I had deceived my young wife, as well as her parents who supposed me a sober, industrious young man, and one of good principles. But my resolution was soon broken, for after arranging matters at the hotel, I went down to the store to impart the news to my employers, and receive their congratulations, these last I received in a "tumbler," of course, and so substantially, that I forgot my resolutions to do better, forgot my reputation, forgot my young wife sitting alone in the hotel, and drank and caroused until quite late at night. When I returned I found her waiting patiently for me, and solicitous after my welfare. But I was a little too "far gone,"

to make all look right to her. She immediately recognized my condition, and you can imagine the feelings of a young wife launched upon married life, far from friends, far from home, with a husband who appeared from this outlook very much like a very thorough drunkard. What wonder, then, that she exclaimed—and I shall remember the exclamation as long as I remember anything—“Oh! that my people may never know it.” I pacified her this time by telling her that she must make allowances. That a man didn't get married, usually, but once in his life, and that being solicited to take a little wine by my friends, and being unused to drink, it had gone to my head. She accepted this construction, but I felt that I had fallen one hundred degrees, in the estimation of my wife, in the space of twelve hours. Only once or twice, while I remained in New Milford, did my wife see me in so bad a condition. But I must confess, although it shamed me to do so, that no day passed in which I did not drink more or less of the beverage of hell. I did not remain long in New Milford after my return. I thought I discovered an excellent opening for a store at a small place about five miles from there, called Chalybes, in the town of R., and only about one mile from P. & G.'s store. There was not much of a town there. One small store, a large boarding house, and a large silver-steel manufactory or furnace, surrounded by the small houses of the operatives, who “earned their daily bread by the sweat of their brows,” in a temperature,

winter and summer, of not less than ninety degrees
“in the shade.”

CHAPTER V.

GOING INTO BUSINESS. FAIL, AND WHY. LEAVING
THE INNOCENT WIFE.

To this place I resolved to go. And canvassing about among my friends, I found plenty who would go my security for goods. So I rented a building that had been previously used as a store, and had my goods shipped on. They were then engaged in building a railroad through the place. The Shepang Valley Railroad, it was called, and there was a prospect that the little mining town would feel the iron pulse of a public thoroughfare, which was to place it in direct communication with the outside world, and number it as of more than ordinary importance. The silver-steel manufactured here, could be shipped by this road to places where it could be used in the construction of hay-forks, scythes, and other implements. This industry furnished plenty of employment for a large number of men whose trade, I was sure to receive, as I could back their accounts, and receive payment from the bosses or paymasters, on the fifteenth of each month. Now this was a good arrangement, for I could buy my goods on time; sell them on fifteen or thirty days' time; pay for my goods

and have my profits (which were large for my stock), to invest.

I was making money fast, my sales were large, principally of boots, shoes and leather goods, coarse woolen and cotton goods and groceries. I might have made a nice snug little sum of money in a short time, could I have been contented to have remained there and let *rum* alone, all went on well (of course I occasionally come home a little "starry" when I had been away on business, as I frequently did, leaving my young wife to attend to the store), but in the main I was pretty straight for a month or two, after I went to Chalybes. But one fatal day along came an agent from New Haven, I think, selling a preparation he called "Hall's Bitters." He solicited me strongly to buy a case, representing the large profit to be made from the sale of it. In vain, my wife urged me not to buy it, so, also did one of my endorsers. But I was dumb to their entreaties, and when the fellow left, he had an order from me for about \$80.00 worth of the compound; I had in the meantime laid in a supply of cider, and this was going off rapidly at five cents a glass.

When the "Bitters" came, I, of course, had to treat all around, and got gloriously drunk myself. But this was only the beginning of bad things. The employees hung about my place, buying cider and bitters, and paying me money, they would otherwise have paid me for necessary articles that would have increased a legitimate business, while their families went illy shod and clothed. Many a time have I laid

three or four men away stupidly drunk in my back-room to sleep off the effects of their bitters, and awake again and call for more, which they knew I was willing to supply as long as the money lasted. This state of things, the carousing, profane and vulgar language, and the indecent expositions so continually going on, drove my wife away from the store, and forced her to remain at our boarding place most of the time.

Often would she remonstrate with me for my conduct, and tell me—as my best friend—where the course I was pursuing, would lead to, but with curses, I would tell her to mind her own business, and let my affairs alone. O, how bitterly have I repented, as I sat in my prison cell; the many harsh words, yes, *blows* I gave that gentle woman. Ah! the shame, the disgrace, the abasement of soul, of the man who can abuse the woman he has sworn to love and protect, within three months from that day.

Yet I have suffered enough, it seems to me, to, in part, atone for the wrongs I have done, and “God be merciful to me a sinner,” is my everyday prayer.

No license is necessary in Connecticut from town authorities for selling bitters by the bottle when sealed and stamped. Mrs. Randall, the good old lady who owned the building I occupied, would not allow rum to be sold on her premises, even in the shape of cider and bitters. Would there were more such women. After being warned twice to abstain from selling liquor or vacate the place, I concluded it would become policy to desist. But here was another

difficulty to be met. People—or the respectable part of community—had got in the habit of going to Leavenworth's, the other store, to do their trading, in preference to running their chances of being insulted by the half-drunken crowd that usually hung about my place, filling up the seats and occupying every box and barrel outside.

In this manner, matters had gone on until I found the receipts were not sufficient to pay my bills. At this time, my wife—by exposure, care and grief probably—fell sick with a bilious fever. This added to my anxiety in my sober moments, but soon as I was at the store, I was steeped in the grossest intoxication. It seemed that this place was “played out,” as the saying is. That it was too small for all the grand achievements I had planned for the future. I was married, that I well knew, and I had married to spite a certain individual, of that I was equally certain, and my business was running behind. Why? Simply because I sold the goods and drank up the profits, and drove people who would have traded with me away, because of my evil courses. What was to be done. I could not give up drink, it had become a habit firmly fixed. I could not pay my bills, because my money was gone, and so were most of my goods. At last I hit upon the expedient, sell off my goods for what they would fetch, turn everything into money, tell my wife I was involved and must leave until my matters are settled, and then I would return for her, and we would try life under new and better circumstances. Bright prospects were before me; I would go West,

to that paradise of the lazy man, where he expects money to grow on the bushes, and he is equally certain that his supper is to be prepared for him by some mysterious useen agency. I would go there, invest my money in real estate and stock, hurd them, and fatten large droves each year for eastern markets, sell them and put the "chink" down in my long pocket, and ere long return wealthy and respected, to indulge my connoisseur fancy in "Black Jerry" and "Tom Gin," *ad infinitum*. Or I might go to Florida, and directly own an orange grove so ample as to supply the whole city trade of New York, or a city like Buffalo, at least. Or I might get to be proprietor of a Mississippi steamboat, and then, hire a sailing master, I would have an opportunity to examine into that very interesting little game that has grown to be almost a part of steamboating, viz.: Three-card-monte, or what is more familiarly known (especially by those who have suffered by it), as "Thimble rig." This I did. Told my wife a falsehood, told my backers several more, and then made arrangements to get rid of my goods. Large covered wagons came for them, and I had my money in crisp "greenbacks" when the last bale of goods was stowed in the wagons.

I gave Charles Squires an order to collect a bill of the Shepang Valley Railroad Company I had against their employees, which he did, and paid our board bill which had run up to about seventy dollars. I had been collecting for some time and had quite an amount of money.

After my goods had all gone I went up to the

boarding house to take leave of my wife. This was the hardest part of all, and I for once shrunk from meeting the woman I was about to wrong so grossly. But I must brave it through to the "bitter end," for I well knew I must be out of Connecticut before daylight, or in all probability, I would not get out at all. I went up and spoke kindly to my sick wife, told her I was going away to seek employment elsewhere, and when I found a good place I would send for her. This comforted her in a measure, for she had never thought of being separated from me, even though I was sometimes harsh and cruel to her, and telling her to be a good girl until I returned, I kissed her and went. Went out into that chill January air, a stranger to all good things, and a wanderer among men, not knowing where I was going, and not caring, so long as I went into dissipation, I cared not how deep.

CHAPTER VI.

DISSIPATION AND CRIME.

I TOOK the cars for Bridgeport, and boat from there to New York, the first day of January, 1872, with a determination to have a loud time of it before I again saw Connecticut. At New York city I mailed a letter to my wife's friends in the country, to come and get her. This letter I cannot remember entirely, but the substance of it was that they must come and get

her, and take good care of her, I could not, I was really too wild. That I had become involved and had to go away for a while. I knew very well that long before they would get this letter—that would fall like a thunder clap upon them—I should be far away West, might possibly have put the Mississippi between them and me. From New York I went to Chicago. This you will remember was soon after the great fire, and as I descended from the cars in the gray light of morning, you can imagine that the appearance of the city was gloomy in the extreme. I remained in the city one day and night, and visited many places of interest. I spent my money freely, rode in expensive carriages, paid fabulous fees to the waiters of the hotels for trifling services, drank expensive liquors, and lived generally in a style to impress people with the opinion that I was “somebody.” While I was in Chicago, I wrote the following note to my mother:

CHICAGO, ILL., Thursday Night, *January 4, 1872.*

DEAR MA:—It is nine P. M., and I am here, one thousand miles away, and my baggage is here with me, all right. Shall leave here at eight, to-morrow morning, and Saturday night I'll be one thousand miles south from here. Oh, such a level country I have ridden through to day. Not a stone to be seen, nor a flake of snow. I will write again Sunday.

From your son, LONNIE.

I wrote another letter before I left Chicago, this was to one of my friends, Chas. S., of Roxbury. I subjoin portions of it:—Please send me the money on the accounts; I am in need of it; I wrote to Ella's

people to come for her; have they come? You must not give her much of my money, because she does not know where I am, or where I am going to stop. I have written to her only once since I came away. They all take me for a young unmarried man here. Yesterday a young man drove down here with a nice turnout and asked me to ride, he drove up to a nice house and invited me in. There was two very pretty sisters there, and after introducing me, we asked them to ride, which of course they did; now how is that for friends, so soon after my arrival. These ladies, with others of the same stripe appear to like me very much, but I guess if they should see some of the letters in my pocket, particularly those from Ella, they would change their minds.

The latter part of this letter is taken from one written in Mobile, Ala., under date of January 11th, 1872. I was now madly plunging into the vortex of dissipation. My mind was scarce ever clear from the fog of rum. If ever it was, it was early in the morning, and the disagreeable sensations caused by the previous night's debauch, drove me to seek to drown my trouble in greater indulgence. I stopped at the Gulf City Hotel while in Mobile, taking first-class accommodations, with expenses at about \$100.00 per month. This could not last long unless I some way managed to increase my capital stock of money, so I took up the occupation of a gambler, and performer of card tricks. I traveled up and down the Mississippi and Tombigbee rivers, gambling on the boats, with all I could get to play with me. I occasionally

ran across a fellow who was too much for me, but usually I was very successful. Some days I would make \$30.00 in playing billiards or cards, but my money was easily made, and spent as easily. When I was in the city, it was nothing for me to spend fifteen or twenty dollars in a single night. The programme was about this:—In the early part of the evening, take a ride for a couple of hours with a young lady or two (with frequent calls of course, to stimulate), then to the theatre, then a champagne supper, and then home with the girls to “row” around all the rest of the night. I saw my stock of money was becoming fearfully depleted under this pressure, and began to cast about me for something to do. I tried to make an engagement with one merchant and another, but the majority of them were posted on the kind of man I was, and did not care to employ me at any price. I found one man who assured me that he would like my help, and if things were all right, on the next Monday morning he would set me to work. I went at the appointed time, but, says he, I guess I will have to dispense with your services, I don't have any of your kind of men about me. He had employed a detective to watch me, and he had reported the company I kept and the places I visited, and my character had lost me the place. The next place I tried was on Dauphin street, the proprietor (T. R.) agreed to give me \$60.00 per month for the first month, and \$100.00 after that if we could agree. I went there to clerk for him, this was doing finely. The sales were large and the establishment comparatively small,

business was carried on something like that in a country store. Well at last I was well "fixed," as they say \$60.00 would pay my board nicely (for I had left the Gulf City for apartments nearer my business.)

I soon became pretty well known in different parts of the city, known too well to be pleasant, for with the consciousness of wrong doing ever before my eyes, I was constantly dreading the future; in the day time I dreaded the night, in the night, the day. T. R. had accused me of stealing, and I was too well acquainted with the protective rules of business men to doubt for a moment that before another eight and forty hours had passed, every merchant of any importance in the city would be apprised of it, and be on the lookout to prevent being imposed upon.

Under these circumstances I felt of course, just as any half drunken fellow always does, that his friends are abusing him in some manner; so, of course, the most natural thing in the world was to try to get even with him. There were two men in Mobile whom I knew were ripe for any "dirty" work I might have on hand, so we agreed to go for Mr. R., and then I would sail north immediately, and they would seek seclusion in some of the deserted sugar and cotton plantations along the Tombigbee.

The scheme was well laid but it failed, that is in the success we had hoped for, but it did not fail in one thing, that is in my immediately going north. I went out to the ship in the night, and under cover of the darkness got aboard of it. It was the Governor J. Y. Smith, with cotton, consigned to a manufacturing

firm in Providence, R. I., Crowle & Nickersons. On my arrival I went to where I received several good letters that brought the tears to my eyes, especially the one from Ella, with the one I received from her mother in Mobile, just before I left, was too much ; here is part of it

Oh ! LONNIE :—How can we give you up and think our Lonnie has gone from us ; gone, never to gladden our hearts again with his dear presence.

Let me beg of you to *shake* off those idle habits you have contracted ; *quit* unprofitable company and unseasonable recreations, thoughtless habits that cannot afford the least satisfaction beyond the present hour, if in that ; consider that when a man suffers himself to go backward in the world, it must be an uncommon spirit of industry that retrieves him and puts him forward again. Our very imagination reaches to eternity, in spite of all that can be said by the most obstinate atheist, or our own doubts can devise. For that reason, think deeply, and in time, resolve on such a course of action that shall bring justice to your friends and credit to yourself for the remainder of your life. Be sure, with a hallowed care, to have respect to all the commandments of God, and not give yourself to neglect them in the *least*, lest, by degrees, you come to forget them.

Oh, how bitterly I repented for not taking advice given in the above letter, when, two months later, I received the following from the same hand and heart.

ONCE OUR DARLING BOY :—Oh, how sad to think of the change. Also the change in the dear little innocent, unsuspecting girl you promised (only eight short months ago) to love and protect as long as you should live.

Why is it you have done so ? One who might have been so near perfection, capable in all things of doing so much good in the world, and exerting an influence over others that might have been such a source of happiness to them, in place of

crushing out their young lives, and causing a shadow of gloom and sadness over a whole household that can never be dispersed, and blasting all your own bright prospects of happiness for the future. Hear, now, the instructions of friends, and lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge that may be of use to you and comfort to your friends for the remainder of your life. I will collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with the holy violence of prayer. We find that all our schemes are quickly at an end, and that we must soon lie down with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our places to others. Perhaps this interruption is for your eternal good ; hope it may prove so for your sake and your friends. L. pray that henceforth you may be kept from evil, and that God, in his infinite mercy, may assist you under this terrible affliction.

Your Mother, P. R. F.

This letter, written one month after my arrest, interested me so much, because Ella's mamma wrote it. I read it repeatedly, and four years after its date, the words were fresh in my memory, and were instrumental, with others, of leading me to Christ. I am getting ahead of my story ; turn back a little.

As we went up the side of the ship, followed by my trunk, and a case of wine and cigars with which I had provided myself before leaving land. I felt like a new man. I was going home. Oh ! home is a beacon-light forever. No matter how we have sinned. No matter what demon has possessed our hearts. If we ever have a home and love it, it will never be forgotten. I have prayed many times I might never feel the desolation of being without a home. We may marry and have a home of our own, with all that is bright and beautiful about it, but the feeling

will come sometimes to us, like a great sorrow, that it is not the old home. No! no!

I found the captain a jolly, good-natured fellow, with a great, hairy face that reminded one of a polar bear. I had told him how I was situated. Would I had taken his advice and gone straight home from Providence. I found that he was not backward about accepting my invitation to use my cigars and wine. In fact, he and I both kept pretty well soaked during the whole voyage, except when I was so seasick that it was impossible for me to sit up, then I did not care for drink, and as I lay in my berth, I repented, oh! so bitterly my past folly, and resolved that if ever I was better I would strive to live a new and better life. But when the sickness had passed, the resolutions were washed away with rum. Alas! too many have passed in the same manner.

Nothing of any moment occurred while on ship-board. When I was able I was on deck most of the time. I had little to do and I should have enjoyed it greatly if I had not been constantly smitten with remorse. But then I would think, "a gay life and a short one for me." I left Mobile, Ala, at eight A. M., Monday morning, February 26th, 1872, and the exact date of my arrival at Providence, I cannot remember, as on account of my sickness, I did not keep track of the time.

I ran about considerable, and began to think I would settle down and try to do something honest. I noticed an inquiry for a clerk in a Boston, Massachusetts, paper, and concluded I would go and see if I

could not get into business, so I ran up there, saw the man who had advertised and partly made arrangements to go to work for him. Under date of March 23d, 1872, I wrote my wife's people a portion of the letter I give as it fully explains itself. "I am going to run around some. Shall go back down to Providence to-night, and if I do not find a good place pretty soon I'll go for my southern business again. It is the easiest way to get money, but large risks to run, beside the night and day business. I know you don't approve of my conduct, but ah! none know or mistrust the half I have told you.

"Please burn all my letters like this, and the envelopes with northern postmarks, as I may do something, I don't want Eastern people to know. If I do what I planned last night, and get out of it all-right, in less than ten days, I'll be out there. I am going to undertake a large job, and I may not be successful, but I have hopes of it yet."

I was in Boston when I wrote this letter, but that night I went to New Haven. I had been thinking for some days (as I was short of money), about the little balance due me from B. S. Preston. This would be a godsend just at this stage of the game, and why not get it out of the old fellow. I thought all these things over as I lay tossing in my bed, unable to sleep and not caring what I did so long as it was profitable in dollars and cents. I had made up my mind at last what I would do, or attempt to do, and allowing myself no time for reflection, I dashed on madly to ruin. The morning of March 25th, 1872,

dawned beautifully upon the face of mother earth, and I was astir earlier than was my wont, I felt nervous and anxious, I went down to the bar of the hotel and took a heavy dram. This steadied my nerves and I ate a good breakfast. After breakfast and a cigar, I strolled about the Adams House, and out into the town, up Washington street a few doors, and called at the bar in that large billiard room where I had spent so much money in a few days, drank more rum, and before long-began to feel more at ease.

After dinner I strolled out to a liquor store, and having a bottle filled with rum I went back to the hotel, took their check for my baggage, and took the train for New Haven, after calling on a friend at the Tremont House and flirting with the students for the last time, as they came out of school directly opposite. From New Haven I struck out on foot for Roxbury. I knew the road well, and concluded to walk to avoid the chance of being met by those with whom I was acquainted. Every time I would hear a carriage coming I would jump over the fence into the field and hide until they passed. Nothing of importance occurred on my way up. Great savage-looking dogs came bounding out from the farm-houses, barking and growling out their displeasure at thus being disturbed by a nocturnal traveller; and although there was some ice in places in the road, for the most part the travelling was good. At last I came in sight of the lights at Roxbury, and cautiously nearing the town I hid myself in an old shed by the roadside, just at

the outskirts of the town. Here I awaited patiently the hour when good men betake themselves to bed and refreshing slumber. Gradually darkness settled down upon the little town, the lights went out one by one, and passers became less frequent upon the road. I knew my time had come. I would enter the town, do my work, and leave it before the people should arouse from their first nap; so, with beating heart, and my ears wide open for unusual sounds, I crept on into the village. Noiselessly I pursued my way along the principal street, and before many minutes stood before the old store where I had spent two very pleasant years. On my way up, I had stopped at a small town, where there was a large manufactory of carpenter's tools, and purchased an auger. This was an improved variety, with an adjustable handle, so I could roll the whole up in a paper and slip it into my pocket. I reached the store without being observed, and passing around to the stables examined the lock. It was the same that had done duty there when I was a clerk, and a key to which I carried in my pocket, and had ever since I left there. In an instant I had unlocked the door, and was greeted by the horses with a friendly neigh. I knew the horses well—for I had taken care of them more or less during my clerkship with Mr. Preston,—and I selected a fine, heavy brown horse, whose large limbs and protruding muscles bespoke for him great endurance, if no great speed. It was but a moment's work to saddle him, and slipping the bridle over his head I hitched him in a manner to be easily undone and directed my

attention to the store. At the door I paused to listen. All was still as death, and taking out my auger I commenced my work. I knew the exact location of the bolts, and went vigorously to work. I soon succeeded in boring out all the bolts on the outer door, and noiselessly it swung on its hinges. I next attacked the bolts of the inner door—two in number, —and having drawn back the upper one, commenced on the last. The auger holes would admit my hands, and I was at work making the last in the bottom when an unlucky splinter caught and snapped violently. In two minutes more I would have been in the office, and with a key to the safe in my pocket the funds therein deposited would have been at my disposal; but the cracking of the splinter awoke the clerks, who immediately jumped out of bed to investigate, and while they were getting on their unmentionables, I flew to the stables, mounted the noble horse I had previously saddled, and before they had time to collect their scattered ideas, was tearing down the road at a speed that promised fair for safety. I knew that as soon as a horse could be hitched up I would be pursued, so at the first cross-road I turned off, and riding into a little thicket at the roadside, dismounted and listened. I had not long to wait before I was greeted by the sound of wheels, and presently down the road came a buggy, tearing along over the hubs and ice, and drawn by the mate of the horse I was at that moment holding by the bit. On they came, and sooner than it takes for me to write

it they had passed the cross-road, and the din of wheels became indistinct in the distance.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE CRIME.

AS THE sound of wheels became less and less distinct, I mounted "old Nig"—as the horse was familiarly known—and rode slowly forward. I wished, if possible to pass a certain house on the road, without being observed. This was the house of one Thomas, who was a cattle buyer; and who enjoyed quite a reputation as a "night hawk," so I let the horse walk. Nearing the house I observed a light in the barn, and putting the horse down to his "softest" walk, I passed by; as I was nearly past the barn, some one in the barn sung out, "Go it," and touching the rowel to the old fellow's side, I did "go it." After this I rode on faster, taking a westerly course. Once as I was turning a corner at a full run the old fellow struck some hidden ice, and went down. The shock was so sudden, that I was thrown ten or fifteen feet upon the frozen ground, hurting my knee very badly. In a moment the thought flashed into my mind, what if I had broken a limb! But I jumped up quickly and caught Nig before he could get up, and although he flounced badly, and swung me up high and dry off the ground, I succeeded in

quieting him, and getting him up near a fence. I succeeded in mounting him, and rode on a trifle more slowly, and kept a better lookout for ice. My leg pained me badly, and I had frequently to dismount and bathe it. In the meantime, our thaw had "caught cold," as the old settlers say, and a light snow began to fall. This worried me some, as I feared I might be tracked, but I kept bravely on. Along towards morning as I got down from the horse to bathe my leg, a large dog came bounding out from a neighboring farm yard, and so frightened the good horse, that he nearly left me. I would break the ice and dash the freezing water upon my limb until it burned like fire, then mount and press on.

My original plan had been to ride the horse almost to New Haven and then tie up the reins and let him go back, but my scheme of robbery had not "panned out" for what I expected, and I changed my course and kept on straight for New York State.

At a little before noon on March 26th, 1872, I rode up to the Morgan house, in Poughkeepsie, New York, and ordered dinner for myself and horse. I had rode fifty good miles, in twelve hours, without any stops, except to get my little pocket flask replenished, now and then as occasion demanded. I have felt "old" in my life before and since, but never, in my memory, so lame and sore and miserable as then. I could hardly stand, and it was a great relief to me when I completed my dinner, and was shown to a room with a luxuriant bed, which I at once appropriated, and

in ten minutes was sleeping soundly as an innocent babe on its mother's breast.

I slept soundly for a couple of hours, and then awaking, I arose, washed and dressed myself and went down to the stables. My horse looked fresh and well, as though the long journey to which he had been subjected, had been the merest playspell. My first object was to dispose of the horse, to trade it or sell it. And after an hours chafing with a fellow, I traded him for a pony, getting twenty dollars cash between the two. I had to tell some pretty big stories to make them believe I was of age, but finally succeeded. That afternoon I mounted the pony and started for Albany. I rode along leisurely admiring the scenery, and breathing the clear bracing air along the Hudson river, by the Catskill mountains, over which I had been with droves of cattle many times. I arrived in Albany the next morning, having done over seventy miles since my last start, and put up at the Pearl street House. I was anxious now to dispose of the pony, and directly the stableman found me a purchaser, in the shape of a wholesale grocer, doing business in the lower part of the city. He was afraid however, that I was under age, and that my father or mother would not approve of the sale. So he called in a witness to see that he took no advantage of the boy, and we concluded the sale. He was to give me one hundred dollars for the pony, fifty in cash and a note for fifty dollars, payable in thirty days. I now thought of going to visit my friends in western New York, and bought my ticket and had my

saddle checked to Batavia, New York; as I reached Syracuse, it occurred to me that I had better run up to Oswego Falls, about an hour's ride from the city, to visit my mother, then residing at that place. I reached there and found my mother sick with a fever. I only staid one night with her. I helped my mother some, and then only having about thirty dollars left, I concluded to go back to Albany and get the note I had cashed.

So the next train East, saw me a passenger for the capitol of New York State. I reached Albany, and succeeded in selling the note, by allowing a "shave" of five dollars. This made me about seventy-five dollars; and I concluded to go to New York city and see my sister. I went down the Hudson River Railroad to New York, where I remained four or five days. In this time I managed to spend nearly all my money, so that at the end of a week I found myself nearly destitute of funds, and began to cast about for some means of replenishing my purse without the unpleasant alternative of work. After thinking the matter over, I concluded to go back to Connecticut and try the old business again, so I ran up to New Haven that afternoon, and walking the same road over I had before, I reached Roxbury in the night, and after prospecting a little, concluded to take a horse belonging to Hiram Elwell. After the lights were all extinguished, I slipped down to his barn, all was still. I knew well where each article was to be found, for I had been there frequently with his son, in days before. I crept cautiously into the barn, ran out the buggy, slipped

on the harness, put in the blanket, halter and robe, hitched on the horse, and was soon on my way to New York. I passed over the hills to Chalybes; drove down its now dark and deserted streets; halted a moment before the place where I had once been proprietor, and then passed on.

From there I went to Bridgewater, then to Brookfield Iron Works, and then kept on a nearly southern direction, reaching New York City early the next morning, but once having stopped in the woods during the day time. As I entered New York I turned off from Broadway to avoid the crowd, drove down to the Pavonia ferry, crossed it, and had my horse put in at a boarding and sale stable, on Pavonia Avenue.

I remained in New York two or three days with my sister Minnie, took her out to ride with my horse and buggy, which, of course, I could never have done had she known how I came by them, and, finally, concluded to return to Boston and get my trunk and my other luggage.

I left New York on April 16th, 1872, for Albany, via Hudson River Steamboat. From there to State line, then down the Harlem road to take another look at a fine gray pony I thought would mate the one I had in Jersey City. I had heard a gentleman say that morning, he would like her if she had a mate. We halted a few moments at a small place called Dover Plains. As soon as the train stopped, I jumped off and ran to a hotel near the station, to get a drink of liquor. It was an express train and before I could

get my dram, the whistle blew, the bell sounded, and away went the train leaving me standing upon the steps, very much discomfited at the loss of the train. Well, thinks I, what's to do now? Why go on the next train. But a consultation with the station master gave me the highly unsatisfactory information, that no more passenger trains would go that way until twelve that night. I had been knocking about for some time before, and felt desperately tired, so had retired early, about eight P. M., and was soon sound asleep. Before retiring I had been out to the stables and looked over a fine rig, with a view to taking them to complete my journey, but finally concluded not to, on several accounts.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARREST; A PRISONER'S WORK AND DISCIPLINE.

WHILE these things were transpiring with me, there was a grand commotion in the village of Roxbury. The taking of Mr. Preston's horse had been attended with circumstances pointing so strongly to me as the thief, that, had the fact of my being north been known, I should have been arrested, as the undoubted culprit. But the taking of the second horse, together with the mystery which entirely enshrouded its disappearance, cast a great fear over the hearts of all in the village, and it was with dire forebodings, that the good people

of Roxbury lay down to sleep, thinking that their horses might be run off during the night, or their dwellings burglarized. Gillett, the junior partner, maintained that it was Lonnie Carr that took Preston's horse, from the manner in which the stable door was fastened open, for, said he, "no fellow ever fastened that door open like that, but him." Well, in view of this and some other scraps of evidence they had picked up, they had a large lot of my pictures struck off, and each party that went out hunting was armed with one. On the 16th day of April, there were many out in search, for there was a reward of two hundred dollars offered for the arrest and conviction of the thief; and among that number was the owner of the last horse taken, Mr. Hiram Elwell, and Mr. Samuel Thomas. These, both oldish men, drove off in a northwesterly direction, and brought up at night at Dover Plains.

They had driven quite a distance, and being old men and fatigued with their ride, they had their horse taken care of, and after disposing of a hearty supper they retired for the night, being shown, as it happened, to the room adjoining the one I occupied. We all rested well that night, both the pursuers and the pursued, and when morning dawned, they were early astir, while I remained in bed enjoying the sleep I so much needed, and of which I had so foolishly robbed myself in my night work of the past two or three months.

They descended to the stables, had their horse properly taken care of, and took breakfast at the first

table, then they paid their bill and ordered their horse. Before leaving, however, it occurred to them they had better show the picture they had of me, and ask "if they had seen any such looking chap about those parts." "Why, good Lord! yes," said mine host. "That very fellow slept in the room next to yours, last night."

This was a revelation of too much importance, of course, to be neglected, and in a moment all was excitement about the place, and all were anxious to assist in the capture of the runaway. But do not imagine I had been asleep all this time. I awoke and dressed myself, feeling very well, except a dull headache which I diagnosed by calling for a glass of grog. So I descended the stairs and passed into the barroom to procure the aforesaid grog. As I emptied the contents of the glass, my eyes caught sight of the men standing on the hotel steps, exhibiting the picture to the landlord, who was an officer. I saw them through a window, but they did not see me, and without waiting for my change, I caught my hat and coat down from the rack and ran up stairs.

You can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them. What was I to do? Every moment was precious, and every moment wasted brought me nearer that dreaded finale, arrest. Under desperate circumstances employ desperate means, had been my watchword ever since I had followed that rough way of life. What to do I did not know. To remain would certainly insure my arrest, while to leave the

house was almost impossible without being seen and arrested.

At this juncture, while revolving in my mind a thousand schemes for escape, and not comprehending the details of any of them fully, a train came thundering into the station, which was the next building to the hotel. In an instant my mind was made up. I would attempt to board the train, and make my escape in that way. It was a desperate resource to attempt to board an express train, although not under full motion, but I resolved to do it if I could, reflecting that if I escaped, it would be the merest good luck in the world, and if I was caught the time occupied in the attempt to escape would only lengthen the time of my liberty.

Probably I did not wait as long as it takes me to write this—although the time seemed an age to me—before the whistle sounded, the bell rang, and the huge mass of wood and iron puffed and groaned, and rolled out of the station. As the last car passed the platform, I gathered all my strength for one last effort for liberty. It was a hard struggle, but I finally swung myself upon the platform, and felt that for the time I was free.

I could see from the windows the people at the hotel running about confusedly. They had seen me, I had no doubt of that, and I thought that without doubt the lightning telegraph would bring a calamity upon me. How true were my convictions! And alas! how soon to be verified.

As the cars stopped in the next station I alighted,

and started for the depot of a small cross railroad that intersected at that place, but I had not gone more than forty rods on my way before a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I was a prisoner.

On my way up, while crossing a small stream, I had thrown away all the objectionable property I possessed. My revolver, knife, the burr that held the handle to the augur I had used at Roxbury, the key to Preston & Gillett's safe, &c., so that they found no property of a questionable nature upon my person.

I was taken by the officer, on the next down train, back to Dover Plains. Here I met Mr. Elwell and Mr. Thomas. Their expressions of kindness, on meeting me, were too much for me, and, hardened as I was by the rough life I had been leading, the tears sprang to my eyes, and fell like rain over my face.

They held a consultation together as to what was best to be done with me. They could not take me back to Connecticut without a legal process, unless I was willing to go. Of this I was aware, and thinking that the better I behaved the lighter punishment I would be likely to get, I told them I would go voluntarily. Then Mr. Elwell questioned me about his horse, and denying all knowledge of its whereabouts, I soon learned that they had discovered no clue to connect me with its disappearance. This relieved me to an extent, but it was with a sad heart that I entered the carriage that was to convey me back to my former home, and the scene of my crimes and lawlessness.

The sheriff immediately put the handcuffs upon my wrists, and we started off for Roxbury, the two old gentlemen ahead and the sheriff and I following. I think that was the saddest ride of my life, to be taken back to the town where I had lived and passed so many happy hours, where I was so well known, and I thought highly respected. The thought almost killed me.

How fervently I prayed that I might die before ever I reached Roxbury. But people never die under such circumstances, or very rarely so, and it was not many hours before the snowy church spires of Roxbury rose up in the distance, and I began to realize that "the way of the transgressor is hard." I had realized this truism many times before in the last three months, but now it came home to me with ten-fold more importance than ever before, chilling me through and through, and making me sick of life and its joys and sorrows.

At length we reached a high elevation, and commenced the descent of Sanford's hill into Roxbury. Our coming was the signal for the gathering of a crowd about the post office, and we were greeted by such expressions as these: "Here they come;" "They've got him;" "Look at his ornaments," &c., &c.

As you may imagine, these salutes cut me to the quick, but I began to learn at this early day, that men in my circumstances could not be choosers. We halted a few moments at the post office, and then drove over to Preston & Gillett's store. Here a

larger crowd still had assembled, and among them some whom I had known intimately in former times. Among them was Nathan Smith, my old employer, and I believe a true friend to me had I been true to myself.

The old man's heart was nearly broken, and his tears flowed like rain down over his wrinkled old face, "Oh Lonnie," said he, "can it be possible you have come to this. If you had listened to my advice, and abandoned your evil associations and bad habits, you would not be where you are to-day."

Then another old man came along, that was Colonel Philo Hodge, and said he: "Serves you just right, a man that *has had* the chance you have, and come to this, ought to be hung up on the first tree they come to—No, hanging is too good for you—But State prison. And thus he rattled on, not feeling what he was saying, but using this bravado to hide his real feelings. Right here let me say, when I returned to R. in 1874, he asked me to dine, and was one of my best friends.

There were many wet eyes, and many sad faces in that crowd, and I wished every moment that the ground would open and swallow me up. After a little, we drove to the house of the constable, who was a blacksmith, and into whose keeping I was confided. This fellow was a very humane man, and immediately took off the hand-cuffs, and as it was too late for an examination that night, the constable concluded to keep me at his house until morning, so he engaged a couple of strong men to guard me, and we

went over to his residence. A great crowd came in to see me, but along towards midnight, they dropped off one by one, and finally none remained but the constable, the two guards, and Mr. Gillett, the junior member of the firm of Preston & Gillett.

Then the constable proposed my going to bed, but I declined, saying that I preferred lying where I was, upon a couch in the front room. Then the officer said he guessed he would retire and leave me in the hands of the guards. This Mr. Gillett objected to, on the grounds that one of the guards might fall asleep, and that in that case, my Christian principles would not probably deter me from going off—to some distance perhaps. An idea of Mr. Gillett's, for which I have ever since given him credit for a profound knowledge of human nature, which he certainly deserves. So Mr. Gillett remained with me all night, having first taken the precaution of having me again thoroughly searched, the third time since my arrest. I should have needed but the shadow of a chance to have set my feet in motion toward liberty, and a larger sphere of educated civilization.

The next morning I was examined and held for trial. I was then conveyed to Litchfield Jail to remain until the September term of court, when I was to be tried. On my arrival at the jail, I was locked up in a cell, and here I had ample time for reflection. The first thing I done was to open the parcel Mrs. T. gave me just before starting from R., with the words don't open it until you get up there. It contained two good books, one the new testament, on top of it a paper

with this little poem written by her to me the previous evening while the crowd of men were gathered about me at Sheriff Harris'. I leave you to imagine my feelings as I read, "No is a little word."

NO, IS A VERY LITTLE WORD.

No is a very little word,
 In one short breath we say it ;
 Sometimes 'tis wrong, but oftener right,
 So let me justly write it.
 No, I must say, when tempted to swear ;
 No, when asked to gamble ;
 No, when strong drink I am urged to share,
 And *No*, to a Sunday's ramble.
 No, when tempted to lie or steal,
 And then conceal it.
 No, to sin, when darkness hides,
 And I alone should feel it.
 Whenever sinners would entice
 My path from paths of duty,
No, I'll unhesitatingly cry,
No, not for price or booty.
 God watches how this little word
 By every one is spoken,
 And knows those children as his own,
 By this one simple token.
 Who promptly utters *No*, to wrong,
 Says *Yes*, to right, as surely,
 That man has entered wisdom's ways,
 And treads her paths securely.

MRS. H. T. to LONNIE.

The above are the first words I read after the heavy iron doors had closed. The monstrous key had turned the heavy bolt, which sounded so terrible

to me my first night in prison (April 18th, 1872). Oh! Can you imagine my feelings then? No. No. No.

All my past experience came up before me, and I felt that like many another, I had miserably perverted the opportunities that might have been such a blessing to me. It was here that my mother came to see me, and with tears in her eyes, and a quivering lip asked me the question which heads this little book: "Why, Lonnie, did you do it?"

Oh why *did* I do it? that has been my query ever since. While I was in jail, I learned a lesson, that prepared me for what was to come afterwards. It seemed that I could not stay in that place, the room was too small, the ventilation too poor to suit my fastidious taste, so I concocted a plan of escape, along with a fellow who was in jail for drunkenness. He was anxious to escape, so was I, and the only feasible plan I could see, was to knock down the turnkey, take the keys and make our escape. My confederate was as anxious to escape as myself, but being naturally a coward, was afraid to strike the first blow towards freedom, but said if I would strike first, he would take care of him after that. This was all arranged, and the next thing was to find some suitable implement to strike with. I examined my room for something, and finally espied an iron wedge that had been driven into a crack in the wall for some purpose or another. This I contrived to work loose, and concealed it in my hip pocket, so that my coat would cover it up nicely. The day was set when we should

make the attempt to escape, but just at the last moment my confederate "squealed," and I was in rather a bad position. The first I knew that our scheme was frustrated was the turnkey's ordering me to my cell, this I did. Hold your door was the next order, and then the bar was drawn on, and he commanded me to go to the farther end of the cell. This I did, and then approaching the cell door, he bade me strip myself and pass my clothes out to him. This I did, and when he found my wedge, he asked me what I had that for. I told him I had it to fix my bedstead with. Then he says, "No, you had it to knock me down with." "I will learn you better than that." "Come out here sir," and the bar was drawn off, and I stepped out in the hall. "This way if you please sir, I will give you some new quarters, where I guess I can keep you out of mischief," and I was marched down the long hall to a place they called "Between the doors." This was a dark cell, but not large enough for a man to lie down in, only just so a man could sit doubled partly up, with his back against one side and his knees against the other. It was about nine A. M. when he put me in there, and I didn't see him again until about ten in the evening, then he came and unlocked the door. I had stood with my back against the door, and had fallen into a drowse, and when he unlocked it I tumbled out, he jumped back and caught me, and said, "What are you trying to do, young fellow?" "Do you think you would like to knock me down now, if you had a chance?" I said I guessed not. "Well then, come along with

me," said he, and I started along towards my old cell. "Not quite so fast," he called; "this way, if you please;" and he took me up to the "solitary," and locked me in. This was a dark place also, but there was room enough to lie down although you had to lie on the bare stones with your arm for a pillow. This was better, though, and I slept very well during most of the night. He kept me in there a couple of days, and at the end of that time I was returned to my cell, and kept in solitary confinement for a whole month, this to pay for my first evil doing while in durance vile. I had plenty of time to think; my mind would run back over the past. And the good letters my friends wrote me were treasured in my memory, although some of the paper is lost, the seed sown is now growing. See one from E. L. F.

C———, June —, 1872.

DEAR BROTHER LONNIE :—Each morning, as I go out at sunrise, and look across the meadows sparkling with dew, and hear the singing of birds and hum of insects about me, I think of you so far away, though, under the same sun, yet, excluded from it by the frowning gray walls of a prison.

I resolve, from your sad experience, to take a lesson; how beneficial this may be, time alone will show, but, however, it may be, think that your life, thus far, has not been in vain. Lonnie, you were predestined for some good to your present misfortune. Look at it in that light, and God will give you strength to bear all.

You remember what I predicted when you were in Mobile? I did not think it would come so soon. Bear with me when I say again, the one thing that will save you, *reform*.

Your Brother, E. L. F.

Oh, how vividly the above words were in my mind, when, five years later, I received a letter from the same hand and heart. It speaks for itself. After all the changes, see it near the close of this little narrative.

My next misdeed occurred while I was confined in my cell; this was when some of my old chums came to see me, and sent me a bottle of brandy by the hall boy. He brought it to me and passed it in through the bars. I grasped it eagerly and drained off half its contents at a draught. One draught more and I had swallowed one-half pint of raw brandy, and handing the bottle back to the boy, so it should tell no tales, I stood up at the door and talked a while with my friends. It was not long, however, before the fire began to take effect, and I became uproarious. I strode about the room with the step of a giant. I kicked down my bed and upset my stool, and what not, that came in my way. I rattled away at my door and clammered for liberty. The room was too small to contain me, and I kicked the door in my wrath. These demonstrations brought the turnkey and officers at once, and all inquired where I got my liquor. I told them some one gave it to me, but I could not tell who it was. Says the turnkey, "Do you think you could remember if you was in the 'solitary?'" I knew he was trying to scare me, for he understood the cause of my craze and pitied me more than he blamed me. But I could not remember, and that time I got off "scot free," with only a fearful headache the next morning.

While I was locked in my cell I could look down

in the hall and see the men making baskets. This interested me, and I asked one of the prisoners to throw me up some timber and a knife and let me try my hand at basket making. This he did, and I tinkered with the splints until I could weave them very well; but I could not shape them. After I was let out from my cell the boss gave me instructions in his trade, and I learned rapidly, so that I was ultimately able to make many nice things, which was a great help to me in after times. I remained in Litchfield jail five months and one day before I came to trial. In the meantime, I had paid Preston & Gillett quite an amount of money not to appear against me on the indictment for burglary, and had confessed the theft of Elwell's horse.

I told them where they would find it, but they would not believe it; and then I told them to telegraph there and see if it was not so, which they did. This saved me considerable, and as I pleaded guilty, the state attorney said he would get me off just as light as he could. At last the judge read the name of Lonnie Carr, and ordered me to stand up; then in his deep measured voice he read the charge, and said:

“Lonson Carr, guilty or not guilty of the crime charged against you?” I answered as well as I could, “Guilty.” “Then,” said the judge, “it becomes my painful duty to sentence you to two years at hard labor in the State prison at Weathersfield.”

This was too much, and I cried like a child. To think of being confined between stone walls for two weary years; it seemed as if the thought would kill me!

When I was removed to the State prison, I found that the discipline was more severe than in the county jail; but I had received some lessons in behavior, and some instructions from an old convict, as to the best plan to adopt to gain the good-will of the officials of the prison.

About the 24th of October, 1872, I was taken up to Weathersfield to commence work for my board and clothes. It was a fine day the day we went up, and as the carriage drew up in front of the beautiful lawn, in the back part of which the prison is situated, one would say that it was some fine residence, the taste of whose owner extended more especially in the direction of beautiful lawns and finely kept grounds, than in the grandeur or architecture. I alighted and followed the sheriff into the office of the prison.

"I have brought another boarder for you," said the sheriff, after the compliments of the day were exchanged.

"For how long?" said Captain Botelle.

"Two years," said Sheriff Baldwin.

"Turnkey," said the Captain, "put this man in No. 66;" and I was marched up and locked into my apartment.

The deputy came in next morning and told me to prepare to go out to work in the shop, by bringing out all that I had there, that I wanted to keep, as I would not be in that cell again. I was locked in No. 21 for one year, then in 97, the rest of my stay, this was the pleasantest cell I had. There are shops there for the manufacture of boots and shoes, rules and wire work, but principally boots. This was new bus-

iness to me, the thread cut my hands, which were as soft as a woman's, and it was not long before my hands were blistered and sore, and pained me greatly. How many times during those first few months did I think seriously of committing suicide; and had I not lacked the courage, should have done it. But now that I am free, that I can breathe God's pure air and enjoy the blessing of sunshine and showers, that I have striven and succeeded in becoming a useful member of society, I bless God that he turned my heart away from the evil purpose, and after the days of his chastening was completed he brought me back to the fold of Jesus Christ more meek in heart and more sound in purpose.*

In the prison, I was instructed in my duties by the shop boss. I must sit all day in my seat, with a man at easy arm's length from me on either side, and sew and cut and fit, and never speak to the man on one side or the other. But there is no way on earth of completely overcoming man's proclivities for sociality. They are naturally inclined to friendships, and will under almost any circumstance, find means to gratify their inclinations. We used to write a few brief words upon a scrap of leather when we were fitting it, and, hitting it with our knife, throw it over to our next man, who would read it. We ran a greater risk in this than the indulgence was worth, for had we been caught, nothing but the "solitary" and bread and water would have paid the penalty. These risks were taken principally in the interest of a vice, to which not only convicts are addicted, but a large class of our male population throughout the United States,

viz.: the use of tobacco. I had never chewed any tobacco until I entered the confines of a prison, but I had smoked a great many boxes of cigars and drank a great many gallons of liquor. So when I came to be debarred from the privilege of smoking, and could not get my accustomed drink, I naturally took up chewing to fill the vacancy. At first I did not get very large rations of tobacco, but after they saw that I meant to do right, they increased the amount.

The time came, however, I could not get enough to satisfy my cravings, and so I took to trading my clothing for it. I would trade a nice coat worth sixteen or eighteen dollars for a plug of tobacco, and a coat several degrees poorer than my own; a vest worth four dollars for an old rag of a thing and half of a plug; a fine stiff hat worth four dollars for a straw one and three chews of the vile stuff.

In that way I traded out almost entirely my whole stock of clothing, caring nothing for the future, so long as I procured the means for gratifying my appetite.

Our fare was not the most tempting in the world, to one who had lived as I had, at the best hotels in the country. It consisted of quite a variety of food, good and wholesome, but inclined to be unpalatable to a new beginner, as the meat seemed to be "remnants," and the potatoes had a great penchant of coming to us with their coats on. The coffee, too, was an invention peculiar to the establishment, it was a very black, uncertain compound, sweetened with a species of black sweetness in the form of molasses; this was served to us in a large tin cup with a handle, and large enough

at the top for a three pint basin to set in, containing our hash, to be ate with an iron spoon, which arrangement served the double purpose of keeping them both warm.

Every morning in the year, except Friday and Sunday, our breakfast consisted of meat "hash." On Friday morning it was codfish "hash," and on Sunday morning it was rice. For dinner on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, we had corned beef, potatoes, and bread. On Friday, codfish and potatoes, this on account of their being some Catholics in there, who did not eat meat on Friday. And the other day noons, soup and bread. For supper we had mush and milk, and mush and molasses, alternated, except Sunday and Monday night, when we had on the former, bread and water, and on the latter bread and tea. This constituted our bill of fare the year round, with two exceptions, these were Thanksgiving, and one dinner and supper along in January.

On Thanksgiving day we had a grand dinner of mashed potatoes, roast turkey, fine butter gravy, jelly, &c., in great abundance. The other dinner is provided from the interest accruing from an amount of money left by a rich man of the town, who, dying, left the wish on record, that once in each year the prisoners of Wethersfield should be regaled by a grand dinner and supper. This custom has become a rule, and the prisoners look forward to it anxiously, and I believe if ever there was true thanksgiving rendered to God for his mercies, it is upon these occasions.

Our religious instructions were severe, but this is

but an example to prove that all forms of religion lack impressiveness, without they are addressed to the heart. And this reason, and no other, accounts for the lack of steadfastness in the majority of our church members, even in our most notably orthodox churches.

In the morning we were called up and had about twenty minutes to make our beds and sweep out our cells, then we took up our bucket and stood at the door. When the bar was drawn off we marched out and formed a line, marched around the block of cells in the center, and took up our place in line before the chaplain's desk. After first marching to the shop to "wash up," we set our bucket down, and sit on the cover, with our head bent down, and our eyes upon the chaplain. An officer sits by the chaplain to enforce these regulations. You cannot drive religion into an individual, however hard you may try, and should you succeed in causing him to appear outwardly godly, always rest assured that there is some weak point in his faith, that should it be attacked by an adversary, will surely yield.

CHAPTER IX.

RELEASED FROM PRISON; OUT THREE MONTHS; ARRESTED AGAIN; THIRTY-TWO MONTHS IN HOUSE OF CORRECTION; ATTEND FRANCIS MURPHY'S TEMPERANCE MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA; A SITUATION AT JOHN WANAMAKER'S; CONCLUSION, WITH A FEW WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

TIME passed on with me as it does with all the good, and wise, and happy on earth, and gradually I

came to count the months; then the days; finally the hours. My time passed pleasantly enough, had it not been for the idea of my condition. I had all I wanted to eat and wear, and although my food was coarse and my clothes resembled an exceedingly "nobby" suit, or a "checkerboard,"—as they called it, I felt comparatively well in body, and being restricted from my various vices, I grew remarkably fleshy. The prison suit I alluded to, was composed of a sort of coarse woolen stuff, so woven that one piece would contain about eleven threads of black to one of white, while another piece would be eleven threads of white to one of black. In making these suits one half of a pair of pants would be made of the light-colored, and the other of the dark. And the coat the same way, when the light half came on the right side of the pants leg, it would come on the left side of coat. A fact that was observed so nicely that the cap partook of the same peculiarity, only quartered instead of halved.

One man there was as good as another, no matter what his color, nationality, or religion might be, so long as he behaved himself well. And there was very slight distinction made regarding a man's mental status, so long as he was not a pronounced idiot. It was strange to notice, how every man had some peculiar office to perform. A one-armed or one-legged man could always find employment. Some old gray-headed men, bending under with the weight of years and sin, went about with a heavy staff doing some light work, such as dispensing water in the shop, &c.

Thus ran the time, and, finally, I began to count the days that must elapse before I stood again under the blue dome of heaven a free man. I thought that if, when I came out, I could get something respectable to do, I would abandon my old ways and try to reform and see if by some means I could not retrieve my fallen fortunes. But resolving to do a thing, and then carrying the resolution out, in letter and principle, are two separate and distinct things, and I found it far easier to resolve than to execute. As the last few days of my confinement dragged themselves along, I was in a fever of excitement and anticipation. The days seemed long, and the nights seemed endless, but at last the time came near at hand. In the morning I could go out, free! free! With these thoughts I threw myself upon my iron bedstead and tried to sleep. Hardly a man ever sleeps much the last night, and I slept scarce any. My mind was full of everything. Home and friends, schemes for making money, and thoughts of the past crowded into my brain in a confused, strange way.

My time, as I had figured it, would expire on Sunday morning, and I asked the deputy if he was going to let me out on Saturday night. He said he guessed not, that I could not get far that night and the next day was Sunday, and I would probably be in again before Monday. One regulation of the prison was that no man could know when he was going out. At last on Sunday night I asked the captain if he was going to let me out that night, but he said "I must answer you as the doctor did the sick man; your time is drawing nigh."

On Monday morning I went to the workshop as usual, to wash up, then got my rations, and marched out to work.

About 8½ A. M. the boss told me the deputy wanted to see me, and to bring along my coat and cap. I went out to the officer, but I did not know as I was going out. I thought possibly they might be going to send me outside the wall to work three or four days, as they did sometimes with men whose time was nearly out. I had lost ten days of my good time for talking, but on account of not being reported but once, the captain had promised me one-half of it back. I got only four days on account of Sunday. We get five days off each month for good behavior. This we call good time. When we reached the office the deputy said to me, "there is your clothes," and it did not require a second invitation for me to don the fresh suit of civilization, and appear to the world. As I stood arraying myself I told the deputy that I thought I felt better than when I laid my clothes off there two years before, and he intimated that he thought likely I did. I stepped out into the world. I breathed the pure air of Heaven once more. I saw the blue sky spread its vast arch overhead. I had virtually to begin life again, and the thought seemed full of importance.

I sauntered down the avenue shaded by noble elms—those giants that stand guard perpetually, over so much human misery—exchanged a word or two to those about, and, finally, gained the street. I looked up the street, and then took my way to the telegraph office, and sent this dispatch to my mother at Schenectady.

DEAR MOTHER :—Will be there this eve. Am just out.

Your son,

LONNIE.

I reached home that night, and found my mother and sisters awaiting me at the depot. It was some time before they recognized me, I had grown so fleshy. I weighed 162 pounds avoirdupois, which compared very favorably with 120 pounds, my weight when I went there. So much for mush and molasses.

I remained in Schenectady only four or five days, and then we went to New York City, down the Hudson to visit my oldest sister. After remaining in the city a few days we went to Philadelphia, where we had shipped our goods before we left Schenectady. I staid in Philadelphia a week looking for work but could not find any, so concluded to go back to New York City and try my luck there. I reached New York and cast about for a situation, and, finally, through the agency of a daily paper, I found a place with Bullinkamp Brothers, at 264 Flatbush Avenue Brooklyn, L. I. They took me on trial, giving me \$12.00 per month and board, and agreeing to raise my pay the next month.

I remained with them five weeks, and then thinking that I could not live well enough on the salary they gave, I concluded to go on the road as a salesman for C. Thornton, 300 Broadway, with novelties.

I left for New Haven immediately, getting in there early the next morning, and set about canvassing. I remained there three days, and then went to Roxbury and New Milford, Connecticut. In these places I did very well indeed, making three or four dollars a

day. I remained about there some three weeks, and canvassed the towns thoroughly.

The first night I reached Roxbury I had a hard trial. I sat on the store steps, while many of my old associates gathered about me to hear some of my past experiences. As the evening wore on, one after another dropped off, and finally nearly all had left except Harvey Thomas and Harvey 'Thomas, Jr. When they were ready to go home the old gentleman said, "Come, Lonnie, come home with me, and stay all night;" and the young man added, "Yes, if you have'nt any other place to stay, come and stay with us."

This grated harshly on my ear, and helped in a measure to discourage me. He might have meant well. The time was I had so many places to go I could not accept all the invitations. It was the reverse to-night. I never will forget his kind mother's words, which have even at a late day helped lead me to Christ. Here is a letter the good lady wrote me during the first week of my confinement within prison walls:

MY YOUNG FRIEND:—As my heart goes forth to you on this beautiful Sabbath morning, enclosed in prison walls, I cannot refrain from writing you a few lines in friendship. How often I have seen you, on such a morning as this, treading your way, with other young men, to the house of God. Would to heaven my eyes were thus greeted, on this holy morning, with the few unworthy acts of your life erased from your character, feeling, as I do, your Maker has endowed you with talents and capabilities that would enable you to live a useful and noble life, together with a pleasant, genial and kind manner, that won for you a host of friends, with whom you could have exerted an in-

fluence, and made impressions by your upright, Christian acts, lasting as eternity. God has made virtue the basis of happiness and vice the cause of sorrow.

My young friend, you have mistook the path that leads to happiness; but you are young, just entering upon early manhood. Do not think you are now left to yourself and to the world, because you can do much good where you are. I pray for you, that the hour which placed you within prison walls will prove to be the most fortunate hour of your life; may it be the commencement of a new life to you. Keep those books I gave you wherever you go, and read them daily. The *Bible* is a *good* book. *Take it* as the man of your counsel, the chart for your life.

From your sincere friend and well wisher, who will not forget you in her prayers,

MRS. H. T.

Had I kept the Good Book and followed its teachings, it would have already saved me thirty-two months in H. C.

A. E. C.

O, my comrades, follow the advice this good lady gave me, and you will "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt, or thieves break through and steal."

As I have said before, I thought, when I came out, if I could get something honorable to do, I would try to reform, and this work was honorable; but some of my friends gave me the cold shoulder (B. S. Preston for one; I could not blame him), and those, too, who had been the warmest in the flush of prosperity. Sunshine friends they had been called by some, and that figure very aptly expresses it.

From Roxbury I went to Hartford. After staying there a few days, I went to Wethersfield, and staid

over night with chaplain G. W. Wooding. He was an excellent gentleman, and I esteemed him highly. He frequently wrote letters for the prisoners, good, moral, Christian letters, to friends whose loved ones were incarcerated within those dingy walls.

I next went to Springfield to canvass. I had become somewhat discouraged with the treatment I had received from some of my friends, and I began to drink a little. Sunday I spent—instead of attending church—in visiting the back doors of several liquor shops, which were not allowed to be kept open on that day, and Sunday night I concluded to move on a little further.

About dusk I crossed the Connecticut river on a ferry to West Springfield, and then walked on out of the town into the country. I think I walked about two miles, when I arrived at a little village where there were two churches in which divine services were then being conducted. I saw several good rigs hitched under the sheds, and the thought occurred to me that I could accomplish a short journey much quicker with a horse than on foot. I had been drinking heavily all day, and my conscience was so thoroughly dulled that I did not count the cost that might be. So I looked over the rigs, and selected one, a fine large bay horse, as fat as he could be. He was hitched to a new three-springed wagon. Had I had time, I should have put the horse to a light buggy, and then I could have made better time; but I concluded meeting was nearly out, so I backed out the horse as quietly as possible, jumped in, and drove off quickly.

I did not know where I was going, but drove on at a good pace for a while. At last I fell asleep, and knew no more until the next sunrise, when I awoke with the old horse standing quietly under a covered bridge, and I down in the bottom of the wagon. I had not meant to steal the horse, and now that I awoke and found myself in this shape alarmed me not a little. If I went on I would be surely stealing it, and if I returned it they would then certainly get me; so I decided to go on. I drove along at a good gait for a couple of miles, and then turned into the woods at the side of the road, and followed an old track for some distance; then halted and unhitched the horse, unharnessed it, and tying the reins together made a long tether, that allowed him to feed a long way around, then taking out the robe and cushion, laid down in the shade and slept nearly all day.

At night I hitched up and started on; I drove all night, and early the next morning brought up at a little place just over the line of the State of New York. Here I was about making a trade for a lighter horse, and a skeleton wagon, and just as the trade was completed, and I was about to start off, a man took the horse by the bit and said he had a paper for me. Instead of getting out to see what it was, I jumped out on the other side, but just as I struck the ground, a constable took me by the arm, and says he, "You are my prisoner." They took me to a little town about four or five miles away, I think it was Chatham Four Corners, and I was put into the lockup there. When they put me in, they unlocked the hand-cuffs from one wrist, and locked it to the bars of

the door; and there I stood from four o'clock in the morning until about nine at night. In the meantime they had telegraphed to the City Marshal of Springfield, Mr. Pease, who came down in the evening; when he came in and looked at me, he said, "What have you got that boy chained up there for? Have you no watchman? If not, get one;" and I was unlocked, and a watchman was sent; and I laid down on the straw bunk, and slept until three A. M. next day, when I was taken by the Marshal to Springfield. We arrived here about six o'clock, when the Marshal gave me an excellent breakfast, and then put me into a cell in the House of Correction. After the long white-bearded judge had bound me over for trial I gave my age as nineteen years (when really I was twenty-four, but no one would believe me that age yet), a fact which sent me to the House of Correction, instead of the Penitentiary. This was about the 24th of September, and I remained here until the first Monday in December, when I was taken down to the court house with sixteen others, to plead. We were chained together two and two, and a guard of police on each side of us. I had not let any of my friends know where I was; mother said she done all she could for me before, but if ever I got in another such scrape, it would kill her off, and she could do nothing for me, would not even write to me, but give me up; I did not let her know for a year and a half, and then she heard it from another; the knowledge was pleasure, for she thought I had gone to the gallows.

I pleaded guilty, so I did not have to go down again until the seventeenth of December, when we all went

down in the same shape, to get our sentences. Mine was two and a half years in the House of Correction. My stay in this place was about the same as in the State prison; one day off each month, for good behavior, when less than three years' sentence, and two days off, when more. There is some difference however, in State prison, instructors are hired from outside, while in the House of Correction, the men who are the best behaved and best workmen and try to do well, get the boss jobs. I was lucky enough to have one all the time, with exceptions of the first three weeks, and got my thirty days' good time. These facts offer strong incentives to the men to do as well as may be; it is better than the five-day rule at Westfield State Prison. After two years and a half of patient waiting, the day came at last when I was to go; and I was let out early in the morning. I walked up and down State street, under the shade of the beautiful trees, and resolved, God helping me, to live a better life. I put my hand in my pocket for my tobacco, to take a chew. I had been without drinking and smoking two and a half years, and the thought occurred to me that I had better leave off chewing tobacco; a habit I took up in prison, and followed five years, to excess; instinctively I threw my tobacco away, and asked God to take away the appetite for chewing it. From that day to this, I have not wanted anything to do with chewing tobacco, and never will have again.

After breakfast Sheriff Bradley took me into his buggy and down town, bought me a new suit of clothes, throughout. Then we went about to several places

to see if I could get employment, Mr. Bradley recommended me, so did Dr. N. E. Ames, also Mr. White and L. C. Smith, the contractor for the prison work, who also gave me \$10.00, but business was dull, and I could get nothing to do, so I concluded to go to Philadelphia. I left Springfield just at dark the next night, Dr. Ames accompanied me to the depot, after giving me a home at his house one day and night. He was my Sunday school teacher in prison, and has written me many strengthening letters since my release. I went on the cars to New Haven, then took the boat to New York City, where I remained three or four hours, visiting my old employers, Bullinkamp Brothers, who promised if I did not get a place in three or four weeks, they would hire me again, expecting by that time to have their new store on Fulton avenue done. From here I went to Philadelphia, arriving there about noon. The next night I went with my sister Lillie to hear Francis Murphy speak on temperance, after the lecture I went up to the platform and asked Mr. Murphy where I could see him the next day; he said at the Colonnade Hotel, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, and the next day I waited on him there and had quite a conversation with him. I told him where I had been and what I wanted, and he told me to come the next day to his noon-day prayer meeting, and he would see what could be done for me. I went, and Mr. Murphy calling me up on the platform said "now, my dear boy, whatever you want, pray for." This was what dear Brothers Ames, and Chaplain Rice of Springfield, Massachusetts, at Sunday school, told me to do; surely

there must be something in it, and I knew that God had answered my prayers in the past, and so I did pray fervently and earnestly for assistance in my hour of need. When the meeting broke up, he introduced me to Dr. Morris, and asked the company if there was not some one there who could give me employment; Dr. Morris said come with me, we will see what can be done for you, and he took me up to John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, where he introduced me to that gentleman, and where I got a situation as salesman in the shoe department, under charge of W. W. Apsley, who said he did not need any more help just then, but would try me. I agreed to work cheaper than I had ever worked since I commenced driving cattle in 1863, with exception of five year's work in the P. work-house. I have my liberty there, that is of more value than any appreciate who have never been deprived of it.

John Wanamaker, beside being a merchant prince, is a Sunday school prince, doing more to build up the church, through the agency of the Sunday school, than many an educated divine bred to that profession. And still more, he is ever reaching a helping hand to the fallen. I will never forget my first private interview with him, when I told him what I have just told you in this little volume. If I publish the sequel to this, I shall tell you more of others, especially of those mentioned in this volume.

There was a difference between my coming out of prison, the two different times. The first time I thought if my friends used me well, and if I could do

well, &c., then I would try. The last time I thought I would do well *any way*, God helping me, and God has helped me. My wife, after getting a divorce from me, as she had a right to, married and now lives in New Milford, Connecticut, highly respected by all, and I sincerely hope, happy.

If this little book receives good patronage, I may sometime tell you in another, "Why I did it," and answer the question my mother asked me in my prison cell, "Why did you do it."

I have taken the liberty of publishing a few notes from letters here, for the benefit of my friends in prison. Receive these that were written to me in your circumstances, as from your friends to you, and the time will come when you can receive from them such ones as these to me. I have many more I shall take the liberty to publish in my next.

CENTREVILLE, *September*, 1877.

A. E. CARR :

DEAR SIR :—I have often thought whether it were possible for you to truly and sincerely reform, and always maintained, in my own mind, the day would come when the wickedness of your ways would appear to you, and your heart accept the words of kind friends, and return in humility to your quondam profession, with a renewed integrity of purpose and a hearty determination to seek righteousness anew. Your sin has found you out, but early enough in the morning of your life to permit your maturity a hallowed happiness, if you will cling resolutely to your new found guide.

Never, as you love the faith you have espoused, look back or allow your mind to dwell upon past scenes of evil. Your belief is like a little plant, and must be nourished into luxury. But I do not wish to surmise. "He who has no sin, let him cast the first stone," says the most competent of all laws, and *I*, certainly, am not he.

We live here in the same place we did ere we knew all the unhappiness that has fallen to our share. I came out of college

last spring ; have been getting my medical education in Cincinnati ; am practicing here for the time being.

“ Will we forgive you ? ”

Certainly, as freely as God forgives all his erring children (who ask him), so freely we forgive you. With the assurance you are forgiven by God and man, begin life anew, as it were. Cast away the dark shadows that have overspread your horizon, and rejoice in yourself as a tower of strength to resist temptation. Go on life's journey with a firm resolve to do and be what God would have you, a true man, and the prayers of all shall attend you.

Yours in all faith,
E. LU VERNE FISH, M. D.

SPRINGFIELD, July 12, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER CARR :—Am glad to hear that you are doing the Master's work in a way he has fitted you to labor for him. The boys are, as usual, getting along as well as could be expected. Some of those who have come out of H. C. recently, who professed to have met with a change, have gone back, and are “ ten-fold more the children of hell than they were before.” But thanks to the Lord, many out, and more in the H. C., are holding on, doing good work in the Lord's vineyard every day. S. has had only three or four weeks work since last January. He gets almost discouraged at times, but his little girl, about four or five years old, clings to him very closely, and says “ Papa, you will not go away again, will you ? ” He loves her very much, and this, with his change of purpose, will keep him, if he trusts in God alone.

L. is in J. S., doing well.

H. S., who was in, came out last November, and remained sober until two weeks since, when he took to drink again. On the 3d inst., his body was found in a room in Shaw's block, in this City, *dead*. *Rum*, and perhaps poison, did it. Thus ends the life of one of the best business men in this city. *Gone, Where?*

A. D., S. S., and many others are doing well in H. C. One M., who went in a confirmed Atheist, has been doing remarkably well, giving a good evidence, daily, of a change. He was in some years ago. He is thoroughly changed, to all appearances.

And now, what can I say to you to help you on in divine life? I can only say that I wish you, and all the boys that have or may have been, or may be in the future in the H. C. become, what it is their privilege to be, disciples of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in heart and life. This is my prayer, and shall be while I have the privilege of attending those meetings on the Sabbath, or at any other time. I believe in the prayers of the righteous.

When you issue your pamphlet, do not forget to send me one dollar's worth, that the prisoners may have the benefit of the

perusal. Let us follow the Great Shepherd who is above all others, and He "will keep us."

Truly yours,
N. E. AMES.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *July 23, 1878.*

A. E. CARR:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your very interesting letter, giving us a full and satisfactory account of your adventures and your Christian experience, since we saw you last, was duly received and carefully noted. We are glad to hear from you, to know that you are having a pleasant visit among your old friends, and especially to be assured that you "Stand fast in the glorious liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." You have found, even as I told you, that an emphatic "*No*" will insure a certain victory in every temptation that may be presented by wicked and designing men. "Be firm in the right, as God gives you to see the right," and you will be more than conqueror in every conflict with sin. I am gratified to hear that your former friends, who were at first inclined to doubt the genuineness of your conversion, are being convinced, by your continual integrity, not simply that you are thoroughly reformed, but also happily saved in Christ. May God bless and keep you ever faithful in his service, and lead you on to higher attainments. You have been advancing on the right line, a total abstinence from all that is doubtful, as well as that which is manifestly sinful.

The too common mistake of young converts is that they venture so near to the verge of wrong doing, that, in an evil hour, they are lured over to the enemy's ground, and thus fall an easy prey to the cruel destroyer of souls. "Watch! Stand fast in the faith! Quit you like men! Be strong!"

We shall be pleased to see you on your return to the city, and will give you such encouragement, in the good way, as may be in our power.

Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM MAJOR.

ALLOWAYSTOWN, N. J., *August 19, 1878.*

DEAR BROTHER CARR:—Yours of the 9th received through Brother Ayres. Was very glad to hear from you, and thanked God that I had been permitted to be instrumental in affording you the joy you speak of. It is the one great aim of my life to scatter seeds of *kindness, peace, and love* on my way through the wilderness, so that when I shall pass away, I may be "*remembered by what I have done.*" My heart always goes out in sympathy towards the young, especially those who have been

led astray by the great adversary. And I often thank my Saviour for the beautiful parable of the "Prodigal Son" (Luke xv., 11 to end of chapter), because it shows so clearly how willingly our Heavenly Father is to receive back to his love the *poor, repentant, returning wanderer*.

My dear brother, as you look back over the past and see the *pit* from which you have been *lifted up*, you must be filled with gratitude and love to that Almighty Guardian and friend, who has *plucked you as a brand out of the fire*, and placed your feet on the *Rock of Ages*, and "*put a new song in your mouth*," even praise unto God. You might well use the words of David (Psalm cxvi., v. 12 to 14) and say: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all his people." This language means that you will *accept the cup* assigned you by the Lord, because it is one of *abundant salvation*, and in consequence of this mercy shown to you in this offered salvation, you will render thanksgiving and praise to him wherever you may be in the *presence of his people*.

And I have sufficient confidence in your fidelity to him who has been so good and kind to you, to feel assured you will never be neglectful of your duty to that *kind Father* who has raised up for you so *many warm friends*, among whom will always be found myself and wife, besides the *numerous others* in Camden and elsewhere. I enjoyed, very much, the evening you spoke of, at our dear Brother Ayres', and should very much like to spend just such another. I spent the Sabbath in Camden, August 11th, and preached twice in Mr. Wynn's church, in the northern part of the city. I had a very pleasant time, and saw many friends who came to hear me. I should have been glad to have had your presence with us. And now, my dear brother, let me close by giving you the words of Paul to the Philippians (iii, 13, 14), "*Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus.*" And my desire and prayer is that, God helping you, you may strive to do likewise.

Yours, in Christian love.

JAMES WALDEN.

SPRINGFIELD, September 4, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER CARR:—Yours of 2d inst. received; am very happy to hear that you are still holding to the faith "once delivered to the saints." This is the best of all. Whatever else we may fail in, we do not want to fail in our attachment to the good Lord who has purchased our pardon at such a cost. "He gave His life for me," and "what have I done for Thee?" might

be the question for you and I to ask heartily. And if we can say we have done what we could, that is all that is required of us. I have had you in my mind very much of late, wondering if you were busy in the Master's work. Your letter, and the accompanying ones, give me the assurance that you are following Christ, not afar off, but holding intimate communion with Him continually. That is right and safe, and the only thing we can do to be safe from the attacks of the great enemy of all souls. Brother Rice, L. C. Smith, and other of your acquaintances, send love to you and say go on in the good way and ultimately wear the victor's crown. Shall make allusions to your letter next Sunday, if I am able to be at H. C., and give them your message, which I have no doubt they will appreciate.

Must close by wishing God's blessing on you and subscribing myself,

Your brother in Christ,
N. E. AMES.

The PIKE GAZETTE, *July 13, 1878*, said :

"Lonnie Carr is in town, canvassing for a book he proposes to publish, containing a history of his life.

Everybody subscribes for it, of course, out of curiosity, to see what scrapes the boy has been into. It is bad judgment, however, in our opinion, placing before the public, in print, the particulars of a life that has in it so much deserving of censure.

His former brother-in-law, Dr. Fish, of Centreville, is preparing the book."

H. Besancon is editor of the Gazette, in which this little paragraph appeared. I can say it did not stop this little work going on at all. The story is told. The type is nearly set, and in a few days this little work will go out before the public, whether subscribed for out of curiosity or from other motives. Now, my dear reader, whether you be friend or foe, as you close this little book, open your own, by letting your mind review the past, and if all is not bright as it "*might have been,*" and you would like to have the present and future better, let me beg of you open *God's holy Word*; "*Take it as the man of your counsel, the guide for your life;*" "*Follow its precepts and teachings, and you will be safe in this world, and happy in the world to come.*"

THE END.

NOTICE!

I will send to any person's address, one copy of

"WHY DID YOU DO IT,"

Postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents; 4 copies to one, or one to each of four person's address, Postage paid, on receipt of \$1.00.

Take particular pains to write the Address plain.

In no case send the money, except by Post Office Order, Check, or Draft.

INDUCEMENT TO AGENTS.

100 Copies to one Address, Postage paid, on receipt of	\$18.00
50 " " " " " "	9.50
24 " " " " " "	5.04
12 " " " " " "	2.76

Agents who order 50 or 100 copies, and wish to see the book before paying for them, in full, may have them sent, Express paid, on receipt of \$1.00, balance at the above rates, C. O. D., at their Express Office.

To save Agents trouble of delivering, will fill their orders on receipt of payment, in full, in single wrappers, to each person's Address, on receipt of one cent per copy above these rates.

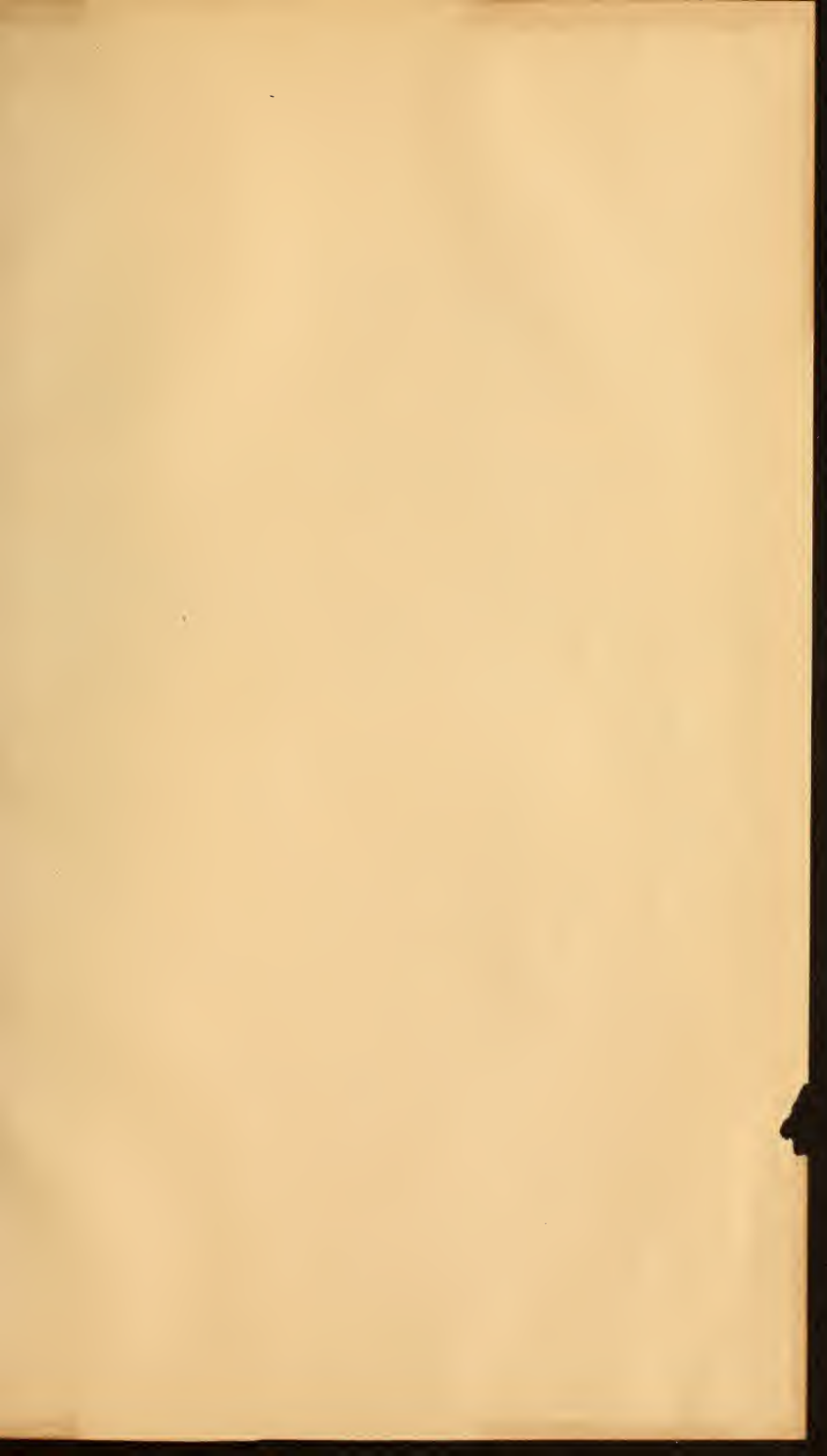
Liberal Discount on Orders for more than 100 copies at one time.

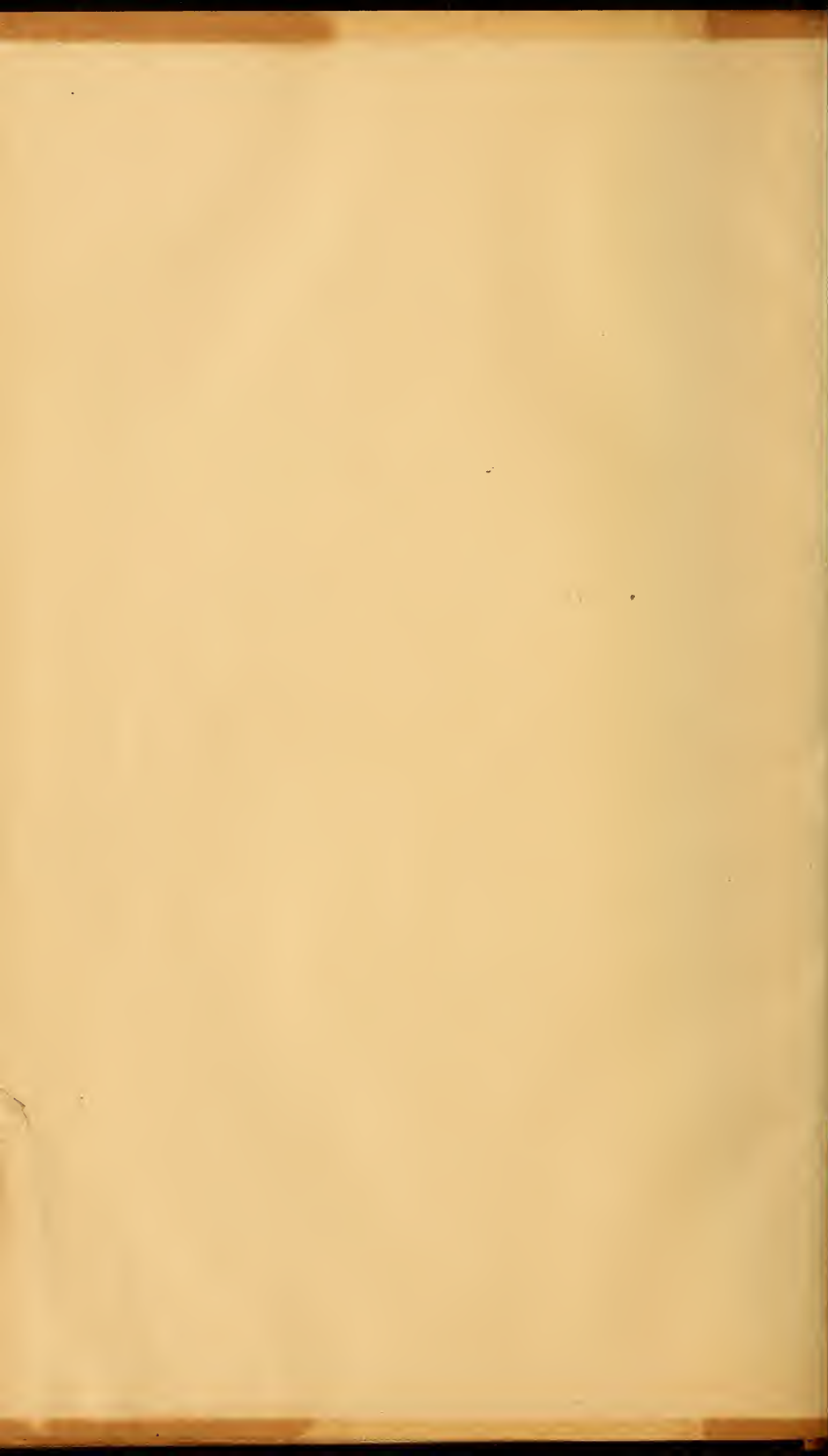
A. E. CARR,
(Address), Post Office Box, 2754,
Philadelphia, Pa.

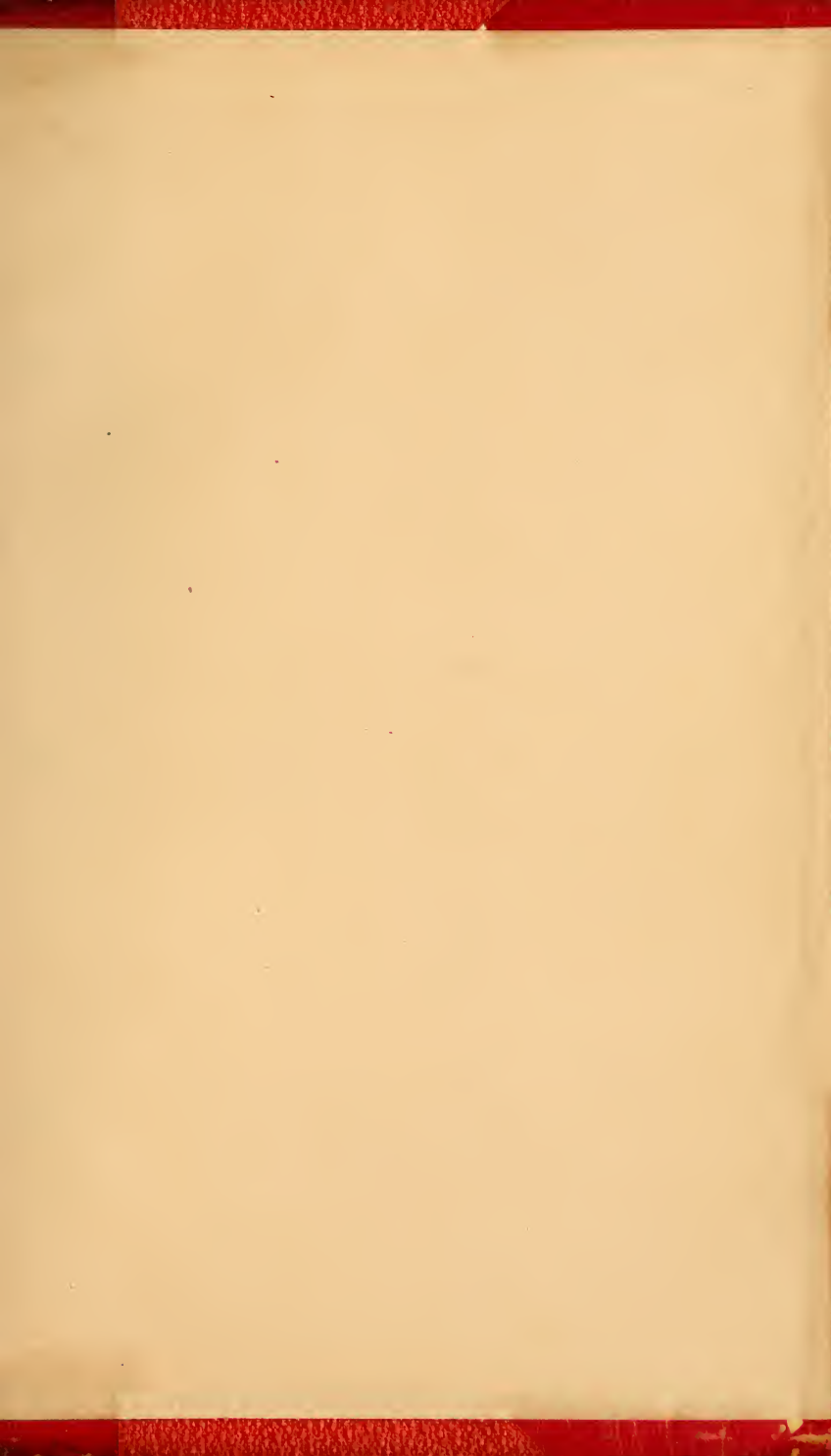












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 060 450 9